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BOOKMAN

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The title of Miss Marie Corelli's new novel, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing shortly, will be "Innocent: Her Fancy and His Fact."

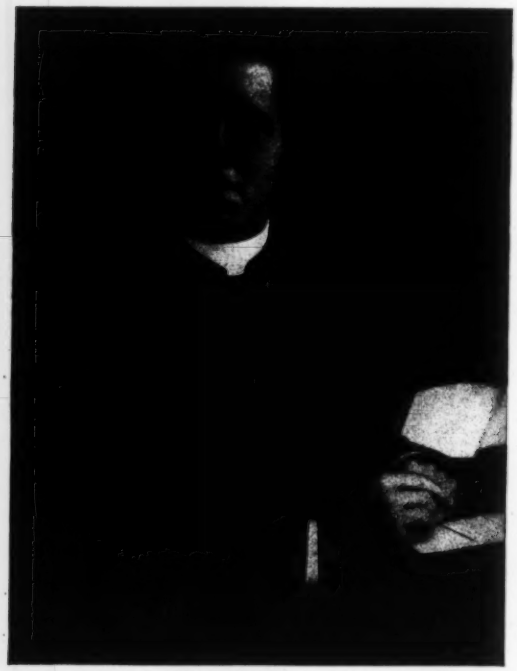
Messrs. Duckworth are publishing a third collection of Mr. John Galsworthy's plays. The new volume will contain "The Fugitive," "The Pigeon," and "The Mob."

Mr. W. Hope Hodgson, who is living in the South of France, has completed a new novel which he is calling "Men of the Deep Waters." It will be published in the autumn by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

Who is hiding behind the name of "W. Dane Bank"? All we are permitted to know is that he is a Lancashire man who once worked in a hat factory and was afterwards a schoolmaster, a clerk, a journalist. We suspect "James" was not his first novel, and that none of the earlier ones enjoyed the success that "James" is achieving. The history of this novel is interesting. It was sent in for a competition, but withdrawn; then it was offered to four other publishing firms before Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson secured it.

Mr. A. C. Guthkelch is preparing a new edition of the miscellaneous works of Joseph Addison, to be published by Messrs. Bell. He is anxious to make the collection of letters as complete as possible, and would be grateful if any of our readers who can tell him of unpublished letters to or from Addison, which may be in the possession of public or private owners, would write to him at the University of London, King's College, Strand, W.C.

There is a large Mohammedan population in South Africa, of the inner life of whom, as Miss C. M. Prowse says in a preface to her new novel, nothing is known to their white fellow citizens, and very little to the coloured man who lives next door to them. Miss Prowse has made a sympathetic study of this reserved, Oriental race, and in "The Lure of Islam," which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing immediately, tells a poignant, profoundly interesting story of the evils that arise from mixed marriages between these South African Moslems and their Christian neighbours.



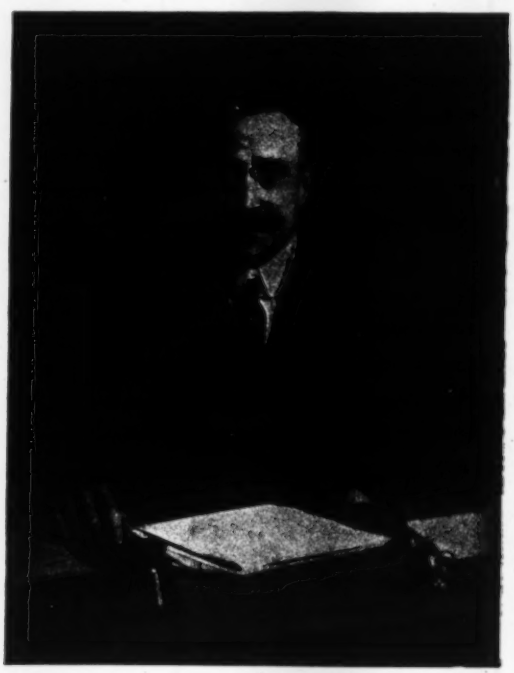
Father Henry Day, S.J.

Father Henry Day, the author of a new book on "Catholic Democracy, Individualism and Socialism," is a son of the late Sir John Day, Judge of the High Court. He is an eminent preacher, and has worked strenuously in Liverpool and in Manchester on many committees that have had for their object the betterment and uplifting of the people.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor has severed his connection with *T. P.'s Weekly*, and is busily engaged with preparations for starting a new illustrated weekly in the autumn. We cordially wish "T. P." success in this latest of his many journalistic adventures.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson, who has for some time past been managing director of *T. P.'s Weekly*, has now been appointed editor of that popular periodical, and issues the first number of a new series, in which we understand many fresh features are to be introduced, on the 3rd July.

A very interesting two months' Exhibition has just come to a close at the Twenty-one Gallery, in the Adelphi, where the paintings of Mr. J. Kerr-Lawson and the etchings of Mr. Edgar Wilson have been attracting considerable attention from the Press and the public since April last. Mr. Edgar Wilson was formerly art editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine*; some of his vividly realised, delicately finished London street and river scenes in the late Exhibition must have come as something of a revelation to those who were not already acquainted with the scope and quality of his art.



Mr. Frederick Palmer,
the well-known War Correspondent, whose novel, "The Last Shot," Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing.

Photo by Ernest H. Mills.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

Mr. Lewis Melville writes, from 1, Rutland House, 53, Charleville Road, West Kensington, W.: "I am engaged in the preparation of a definitive edition of the correspondence of Edmund Burke, and seek the hospitality of your columns in order to say that if any of your readers who possess original letters would communicate with me I should greatly appreciate their kindness."

Photo by Gabell. **Miss Olive Wadsley,**
whose new novel, "Reality," Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

Mr. A. Loton Ridger is a young traveller who has just returned from what would make up for most of us a whole life's wanderings. With amazing energy and enterprise he has in the last seven years voyaged the world over, from Cape Horn to Klondyke, from Tokio to Cape Town, and having gathered vivid impressions of men and cities by the way, has now, at the age of twenty-seven, published his first book, "A Wanderer's Trail," which we reviewed last month.

New volumes in several of the popular series of cheap books have been issued in the last week or two. Mr. Dent has added thirty-six to Everyman's Library, including Froude's "Life of Disraeli"; Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco's "Essay in the Study of Folk Songs"; Lyell's "Antiquity of Man"; and "The New Golden Treasury," an anthology of songs and lyrics edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys. The additions to Mr. Dent's Wayfarer's Library include such welcome reprints as Stevenson's

Sigurd Ibsen
(son of Henrik Ibsen),
whose recent contribution to philosophy, "Human Quintessence," is published by Messrs. F. & C. Palmer.

"St. Ives"; Barry Pain's "De Omnibus"; Crockett's "Lilac Sunbonnet"; Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis," and "Southward Ho! and other Essays,"

Mr. A. Loton Ridger.
Frontispiece from "A Wanderer's Trail" (Grant Richards), which was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

by Holbrook Jackson There is no need to praise either of these series of shilling reprints; Mr. Dent has taught us to expect the best taste and judgment in the selecting and editing of the works he publishes in them, and he has not disappointed us.

Photo by Sarony. **Miss Kathlyn Rhodes,** author of "The Making of a Soul" (Hutchinson).

Miss Muriel Clark, whose first novel, "Sister Jeffries," has just been published by Messrs. Nisbet, is a young journalist who has contributed in the last few years to many of the magazines and newspapers. Her story, which is meeting with a very favourable reception, deals with Salvation Army life and work from within, and she handles her subject not only sympathetically but authoritatively, since she was for several years connected with the Army as a "soldier."

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

Our last years' Twenty-one Guineas Prize Poem Competition proved so remarkably successful that we have decided to offer the same sum for competition again:—

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original lyric.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on any famous event in English history.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.

All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach the offices of THE BOOKMAN, *St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the* 1st *October next, if sent from any part of the British Isles, and by the* 1st *December if from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. Envelopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.*

The name and address of the competitor must be written on each MS., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize. Competitors must please keep copies of their poems, as it is impossible to undertake to return them.

Photo by Claude Harris. **Miss Muriel Clark.**

The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN *for January next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.*

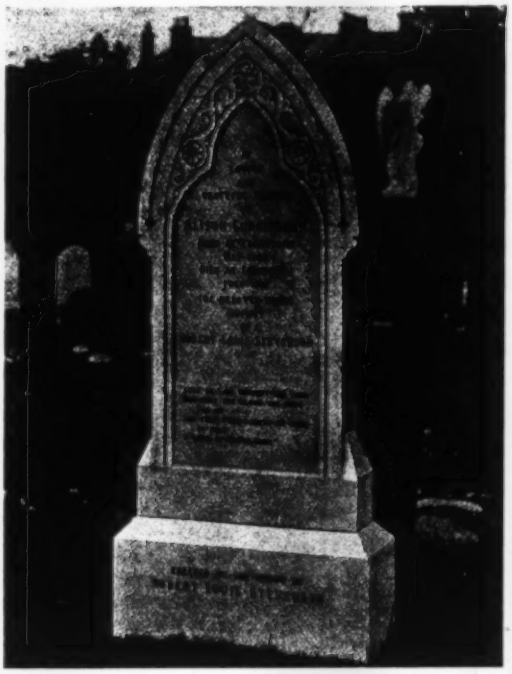


Photo by Wm. Fowler, Selkirk. **The grave of "Cummy"** (Alison Cunningham), in Morningside Cemetery, Edinburgh.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

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Mr. Bernard Moore and Captain John.

Mr. Moore is the author of "Cornish Catches" (Erskine Macdonald) which we reviewed in a recent Number.

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THE READER.

GRANVILLE BARKER.

By Dixon Scott.

I.

ONE of the chief joys of criticism is the joy of detection — detection not merely of some secret of style, some technical trick or caprice, but an actual hounding-down of a live human being, a regular ding-dong, Dartmoor hue-and-cry. It is the greatest of games. I know nothing like it. Here in your hand you hold a book—a little cabinet of mimic scenes; it is a magic box into which, by the aid of the talisman of letters, you can positively creep and then go roaming through as in a world. Well, all the sights that now spread round you, all the landscapes, gardens, groves, and all the flitting figures who pass to and fro and talk there, are simply parts of a private kingdom, a sort of Xanadu retreat, built by the artist for his perfect habitation—a secret place where he can fling off all disguise and live completely, with a sincerity impossible outside. There alone his soul, escaped, can frame a world to fit its needs; there alone does he dare to be himself. And there only, accordingly, can you hope to hunt him down, and catch him with his character unmasked. From the clues of dropped metaphors—by the trails of well-used rhythms—from cunning calculations made by adding up figures of speech, and from scraps of conversation heard by eavesdropping among his characters—in and out, ruthlessly, you track him through the maze, until the last barrier breaks, and you are on him. A queer moment, that! One never quite gets hardened—so staggering is it to discover how little he resembles the tax-paying *simulacra* who pass for him outside. It is on these differences that you fasten, marking, measuring, comparing: your sketch-book has another scalp. After that he can rejoin his proxies when he will—they will never impose on you again. You know them now for mere door-keepers; you know exactly what they ward; and the majestic way they carry off their mischievous pretence will fill you, when you meet them, with a deep and holy glee.

And they like it! That's the best of it. It is not so brutal as it sounds. Foxes like seeing scarlet (so it is said), because it gives them, these tame times, their only opportunity for showing what they can really do; and though that is just as may be, it is at least quite certain that the true writer, in his ambuscade, simply pines to be pursued and passionately hopes that you may win. To be vanquished is his victory—not to be caught is his defeat; for cryptic, till you capture him, must still in part remain his work; enigmatic, all these groves without a guide. Those outcries of remonstrance that sometimes rend the air, expostulations about "unwarranted intrusions," are only raised when some poor critic, too perfectly deceived, begins tiresomely to dog the embodiments outside the gate, in the tedious manner of the illustrated interviewer. Only be shameless enough, merciless enough, only smash your way remorselessly into his shyest haunts and recesses, and your quarry, when you compel him to throw up his hands, will really be wanting to wave them with glee. For you will have done what in his heart of hearts he hungers for us all to do—you have won the freedom of his kingdom by the only possible way and are now, at last, in a position to appreciate properly the points of his self-created world—a little world which is always, whether he be realist or idealist, just a reproduction of his version of what the outside world would look like if it were only cleaned of its encumbering litter and debris.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **H. Granville Barker.**

II.

And in the case of Granville Barker it is particularly necessary to remember this, for in his case it is particularly easily forgotten; and, forgotten, we go finely astray. For, at the Kingsway Theatre, at the Savoy Theatre, at the Little Theatre, and elsewhere, the most convincing embodiments of him may be seen in full career, doing all sorts of splendid things with immense dash and brilliance and aplomb — so vivid, so vital, so charmingly alive, that the idea of there being any other completer Granville Barker becomes in their presence quite absurd. All the evidence leans so much the other way. Enviably famous as an actor; far and away our best producer; the only manager, apparently, in the whole of London, who can double a *succès d'estime* and a *succès fou*; but represented, as an author, by but a book and a bit ("Three Plays" and its annexe "The Madras House") * and not a

* "Three Plays." By Granville Barker. 5s. net (Published by Sidgwick & Jackson.) — "The Madras House." By Granville Barker. 2s. net. (Also published by Sidgwick & Jackson.)

particularly successful book at that: the natural inference would seem to be that he is primarily an actor-manager-producer who has done a little writing with his left hand in off hours; and that any efficacy the writing has is due to the technical tips and wrinkles passed on indulgently to the amateur author by his partners.

And yet the truth, I am convinced, is almost exactly the reverse. The genuine Barker is the writing one—it is the others who are the proxies—and though they have doubtless played into his hands a little, they have held those hands far more; and a truer statement of the relationship would be to say that they owe the great adventurousness and acumen of their acting-managing methods, and the astonishingly civilised intelligence they display, to the fact that they have the unprecedented luck to be continually primed, and prompted and fastidiously steered, by an absolutely pure-bred man of letters. Granville Barker is primarily a penman. He is fully visible only in his books. To take the other men for him, the triumphant, famed, effective ones, is to make the mistake of identifying an actor with his part. The real Barker, not triumphant yet, is a wondering, eager, wistful figure wandering and working in a province nobody has yet troubled much to praise. And if you want to know what kind of man he is, and what fine things he still will do, you must move the actor-chap aside, and the manager-producer, and rely solely on the signs of his caligraphy. He is no more essentially an actor-manager than Shakespeare was. His natural kingdom is between boards, not upon them.

H. Granville Barker.
From a photo lent by Mr. Alfred Wareing.

I sound jolly certain. How can one be so sure? Well, partly, I must own, though it is highly inconsistent, because I have just been wringing a confession of the truth of this suspicion from the charming lips of the Great Adventurous Barker—the Kingsway Theatre one. "Yes," he admitted ruefully, "yes, more than anything, that is what I really want—to be allowed to write. I always have wanted that, and I suppose I always will. But what's the use? Until just recently I don't suppose my stuff earned the cost of typing it." "I gave up writing for producing when I was thirty; and I always nurse a kind of half-determination that when I'm forty I'll give up producing again for writing. . . . Once let me get this Repertory Theatre actually under weigh, a sound, solid, healthy-going concern, and you would see me back at my desk like a shot. I've a half-finished play lying there now—the best idea I've had yet I almost think—that tempts me terribly even now. I would like nothing better than to be at it hammer-and-tongs, out of reach of all these telephones and typewriters, my oak sported stubbornly day after day . . . ."

That alone, of course, though extraordinarily interesting, would not quite suffice to convince us—people do get such queer ideas about their penmanship. The real proof is the penmanship itself. It is on that one relies. Open "Three Plays" judicially. Now, what is the first thing that attracts your notice? It is probably a certain significant little typographical, bibliographical, detail—the little tickets bearing the dates of the composition of each play which have been lovingly tacked to the titles. They read like this:

THE MARRYING OF ANN LEETE.
1899.

THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE.
1903-5.

WASTE.
1906-7.

There you have a clue of real importance. For all through those years, as no playgoer has yet forgotten, Mr. Barker was triumphantly pursuing his irresistible Courtship in Sloane Square; he was being subjected to the most stimulating temptations to exchange all his energy for the multiplying rewards that met his acting and producing. Yet in spite of these seductions, as these successive dates disclose, he was stealing back to his obscure desk and his pen; stealing back at the bidding of an instinct so stubborn, that (as the dates reveal further) it could keep him doggedly grinding away at a single piece of work for two and even three years at a stretch. Various are the ways by which a man reveals his inborn right to rank as writer; but the most convincing is perhaps a capacity for slowness. Facility, copiousness, a painless flux of words, are often proof of a happy lack of the overpowering instinct, evidence of a running innocence of the authentic knack of words. It is ability to write toilsomely that betrays the poet—ability, not merely a stout willingness. It means that he really is cutting the letters out afresh, that he can see and use the virgin ore beneath our phrases. The happy scribbler scoops the latter up, suspecting nothing more, spending his spare energy, if he be very ambitious, on re-arranging his tokens in accordance with the rules of the pretty "parlour-game called style." But the writer tugs and toils, poor soul, to unearth the living lode. It is something fixed and solid; he divines it long before he sees it; and so he can return to one spot again and again, and stick to it stubbornly year in and year out, with a stability

that may easily look like inability, an immobility that means that much is being moved.

And that effect of a man fighting down to something dense and durable as metal is exactly what we get confirmed when we pass from dates and titles to the actual words this tough persistency laid bare. Let us examine a slab of them. The first page will do. The curtain rises on the opening Act of "The Marrying of Ann Leete"; these are the printed stage-directions:

The first three acts of the comedy pass in the garden at Markswayde, Mr. Carnaby Leete's house, near Reading, during a summer day, towards the close of the eighteenth century; the first act at four in the morning, the second shortly after mid-day, the third near to sunset. The fourth act takes place one day in the following winter; the first scene in the hall at Markswayde, the second scene in a cottage some ten miles off.

This part of the Markswayde garden looks to have been laid out during the seventeenth century. In the middle a fountain; the centre-piece the figure of a nymph, now somewhat cracked, and pouring nothing from the amphora; the rim of the fountain is high enough and broad enough to be a comfortable seat.

The close turf around is in parts worn bare. This plot of ground is surrounded by a terrace three feet higher. Three sides of it are seen. From two corners broad steps lead down; stone urns stand at the bottom and top of the stone balustrades. The other two corners are rounded convexly into broad stone seats.

Along the edges of the terrace are growing rose trees, close together; behind these, paths; behind those, shrubs and trees. No landscape is to be seen. A big copper beech overshadows the seat on the left. A silver birch

Characters in "Man and Superman."

From a drawing by Charles Wade. Lent by Mr. Alfred Wareing

droops over the seat on the right. The trees far to the left indicate an orchard, the few to the right are more of the garden sort. It is the height of summer, and, after a long drought, the rose trees are dilapidated.

It is very dark in the garden. Though there may be by now a faint morning light in the sky, it has not penetrated yet among these trees. It is very still, too. Now and then the leaves of a tree are stirred, as if in its sleep; that is all. Suddenly a shrill, frightened but not tragical scream is heard. After a moment ANN LEETE *runs quickly down the steps and on to the fountain, where she stops, panting.* LORD JOHN CARP *follows her, but only to the top of the steps, evidently not knowing his way.* ANN *is a girl of twenty; he an English gentleman, nearer forty than thirty.*

I call that quite wonderful workmanship. It is as economical as a cablegram ordering parts of a machine; and yet it has grace, charm and elegance, a silvery slenderness, a quivering "life" like the spring of a sword-blade: for once in a way, by some magic of fusion, the incompatible qualities of curtness and charm are made indivisably one. That is evident enough; nobody can miss it; but before we proceed to say that the reason is simply that it is the work of a born man of letters, we must discriminate, or there will be some confusion. For by "man of letters" I don't *at all* mean a man delighting in grace-notes, eager to speak of trees stirring "*as if in their sleep*," careful to say "*near to sunset*" instead of "towards evening." Rather I mean a man possessing a certain ruthless, Röntgen faculty which is actually the enemy of literary diapering—a keen cathodic sense that bites and pierces through mere textures till it reaches a bony anatomy beneath—and that only knows it has reached it (this is the uncanny thing) when it suddenly sees its vague perceptions contracting into a shrunken, stringent formula of words. Does that sound too theoretical? Honestly, I believe it to be the way the literary nerve usually does its eerie work in actual practice. A mind equipped with it is restless, uneasy, insecure, until the shapes about it are reduced to this strict structure—and the consequence is that the more passionately and implacably it peers at life the nearer does it get to something verbal. What is always an artifice to most of us is for them essential nature: reality and the written word are one. Their work is not a "copy" but a capture; they do not so much describe as disclose. There is no melting down experience to re-cast as printers type, no wasteful translation of living into language; life to them is an evasive body with a skeleton of sentences—they have but to strip it clean to find their phrase. *Vite longa, ars brevis*—that is their creed. At the centre of all things is the Word.

It is of such words that this Ann Leete overture is composed. That is why its brusqueness is identical with beauty, and why, although apparently all boiled down to the grittiest residuum of fact there has been no loss of literary grace. And that is why Mr. Barker writes so slowly. It is true that he and men like him (they are rarer than we think, perhaps) see nothing, feel nothing, that isn't a sentence; but how they have to labour in order to feel and to see! They have to cut their way through the clogging, half-actual that contents the placid rest of us, they have to turn their pens into two-handed swords. All their impressions are expressions,—but they have to fight like fury to receive them: numb as death remains that nerve of theirs until it touches solid ore—it responds to nothing but pure metal. And so they have to lug and lever living obstacles and heave mountains aside, instead of simply turning the leaves of a dictionary. They are handling brute realities, not stringing little inky signs. Their alphabet is literally phenomenal.

And a most beautiful instance of this breaks at once into view if we now take another step forward. "The Marrying of Ann Leete" has innumerable merits; it is our one genuine tragedy of manners; as the work of a young man of twenty-odd it is astonishingly wise as well as clever; and its dramatic adroitness is a joy. But the special point to notice here is the way the movements of its characters reveal and illustrate its author's way of writing with lumps of life instead of nouns and verbs. The thing seen and the thing to say are for him so identical that he has in the strict sense no "medium" at all; and the result is that his instinct for cadence and rhythm works movingly among the very bones of his subject. Men and women form his syllables, and their movements are his rhymes; the play is patterned with the loveliest bodily alliterations, it is full of exquisite optical echoes and refrains. The most poignant of these recurrences is probably Ann's unconscious repetition of her father's shuddering attitude of

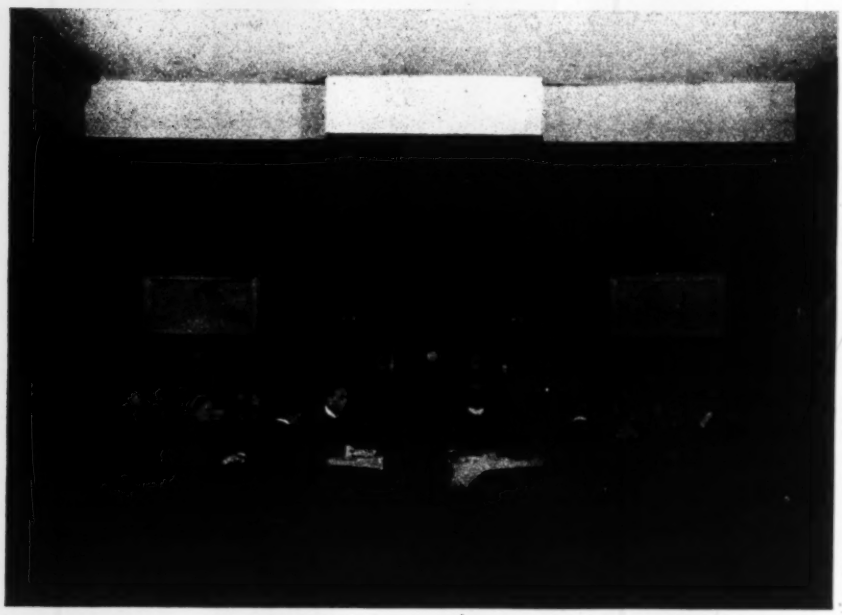


Photo by "Daily Mirror."

"The Voysey Inheritance."

Edward states the position of the family after his father's death.

revulsion an Act before (pages 16–36). But the most beautiful, the most memorable, is the visible chord that comes and goes, reversing and returning, dying down and then ascending, through a shifting series of softest variations, from the instant the curtain first goes up and Ann makes her swift appearance, to the moment it descends whilst she mounts slowly out of sight. I mean he optical descant, the visible phrase, made by her passage up or down the scale of steps—a motive that is repeated, subtly varied, through every scene that is to follow; and then finally forms, transposed adroitly, the deep concluding cadence, ending the piece upon a slow ascending chord—the opening bar beautifully reversed:

> ANN *goes to the little door and opens it.* ABUD *takes up the candle. He lights her up the stairs.*

III.

We follow Ann. We pass out of the end of this first play and into the one that comes next—"The Voysey Inheritance," the middle compartment of the book; and a startling change is instantly observed. The best description of "The Marrying of Ann Leete" is still Arthur Symons': "The play opens in the dark," he wrote, "and remains for some time brilliantly ambiguous. People, late eighteenth-century people, talk with bewildering abruptness, with not less bewildering point; they, their motives, their characters, swim slowly into daylight. A courtly indolence, an intellectual blackguardism, is in the air; people walk, it seems, aimlessly in and out, and the game goes on; it fills one with excitement, the excitement of following a trail." The trail leads, as we have seen, towards reality; it is out of this artificial garden with its "brilliant ambiguities" that Ann longs and determines to escape, she wants to face facts, to know herself, to meet stark life—it is for this that she breaks away from all the mannered courtliness, and lights that pathetic cottage candle—"We've all been in too great a hurry getting civilised. False dawn. I mean to go back." Well, it certainly seems, when we follow her, as though the escape had been complete; we push open the page and are instantly surrounded by the very atmosphere of Fact.

Photo by Alvin Langdon Coburn. **H. Granville Barker.**

From "Men of Mark," by Alvin Langdon Coburn (Duckworth).

The Office of Voysey and Son is in the best part of Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Voysey's own room, into which he walks about twenty past ten of a morning, radiates enterprise besides. There is polish on everything; on the windows, on the mahogany of the tidily-packed writing-table that stands between them, on the brass-work of the fire-place in the other wall, on the glass of the fire-screen which preserves only the pleasantness of a sparkling fire, even on Mr. Voysey's hat as he takes it off to place on the little red-curtained shelf behind the door. . . .

The Voysey dining-room at Chislehurst, when children and grandchildren are visiting, is dining-table and very little else. And at this moment in the evening, when five or six men are sprawling back in their chairs, and the air is clouded with smoke, it is a very typical specimen of the middle-class English domestic temple. . . . It has the usual red-papered walls (like a reflection, they are, of the underdone beef so much consumed within them), the usual varnished woodwork which is known as grained oak; there is the usual, hot, mahogany furniture; and, commanding point of the whole room, there is the usual black marble sarcophagus of a fireplace. . . . On the mantelpiece stands, of course, a clock; at either end a china vase filled with paper spills. . . .

Decidedly, this looks like Reality. No expense has been spared; that is to say, no economy, It would have been so easy for our man of letters, fastidious and elegant, to have indulged his love of grace by introducing some amenities—for amenities there would be, even in

chaste Chislehurst, even in the 'eighties. But he has determined there shall be no more dalliance or compromise: like Ann he has resolved to Face the Facts. Very well. So far, good. This is undoubtedly a nineteenth-century interior. That is undeniably an actual top-hat. These are certainly the red-papered walls of old England. . . .

And yet—there is something queer about it all. There is a certain strangeness in the air, a lack of nitrogen, a disconcerting quality of dream. If that hat of Mr. Voysey's suddenly began quietly turning somersaults on its little red-curtained shelf, we would not feel tremendously surprised. If strings of sausages took the place of the sirloin (underdone) you would accept the sight with a sort of impassivity. For in the accentuated realism of these rooms there is something oddly like the bright veracity of the streets of shops in harlequinade; and although the characters all apparently behave with the most absolute naturalness, we watch them as though they were figures moving in a void. Why should this be so? What invalidates the atmosphere? What can make a grained oak side-board seem uncanny?

By J. W Ginsbury. **H. Granville Barker.**

Well, put quite simply, it is because these rooms are haunted. There is a skeleton in that sideboard. The characters are under a spell. They are bowed down by a doom that would make any home seem eerie; the true Voysey inheritance is something far more fateful than the bequest that burdens Edward. And it is this lurking legacy, of which they never speak, that secretly moves their minds and plucks their limbs.

Now this pervasive Influence—this mysterious super-Voysey—this dread ghost, *diabolus ex machina*—could indeed be named at once in three short words (whereat the reader makes a sporting plunge and guesses it)—but to do so would not only be a trifle lacking in finesse, it would also be actually misleading and unfair. The correct thing to do, the safe and decent way to track him down, is to continue our staid detective tactics—proceeding now to tap the play's red-papered walls for any signs of secret passages or dummy panels. And as we do this, as we examine the actual structure of these scenes, we do discover, beyond question, that all these poor characters are, literally, the victims of an elaborate Plot. Of *the* plot, in fact—the plot of the play, the story which drives the scenes round—that excellent tale of the elder Voysey's machinations—as neat an invention as anything of Poe's or Maupassant's or Hawthorne's. As ingenious, as artificial, as "romantic" as that—and therefore absolutely fatal as a mainspring intended to drive a middle-classical clock meant to tell Chislehurst time with stolid truthfulness. You don't get "realism" by merely changing centuries, by substituting a deed-box for duels; and it is a fact that, if you only move its mahogany furniture aside, the whole of this play will be found to have been laid out as artificially and elegantly as that seventeenth-century garden at Markswayde. Offering itself to us as a simple "slice of life," it is really impaled, all the time, on the most fantastic toasting-fork of criminal pathology and fairytale finance. And so, although the characters' reactions to the prongs are observed with the most scrupulous fidelity and reproduced with the most wonderful skill, though they wear unquestionable top-hats and smoke cigars, they still affect us as uncanny creatures, not exactly of our clay, for they are in fact being secretly goaded by dilemmas as abnormal as those which maddened Mr. Wells's Invisible Man. The mechanism that skewers them, spitting each of them in turn until we have the entire row displaying each his special way of squirming, is every bit as arbitrary as Carnaby Leete's rapier, as recondite as his political intrigues.

If that were all, it would be deeply interesting—it is such a capital example of the way a man's sense of form must have its fling, involuntarily indulging itself by

deftly shaping an intricate story at the very moment it is vowing to practice self-denial and be strictly matter-of-fact and plain. But there is more in it than even that. There's that Influence; there's our Ghost. Given Mr. Barker's unconquerable flair for shapeliness; given, too, his determination to deal with plain reality and "facts"; we have still to explain why he should have let the first frustrate the second by devoting itself to the careful manufacture of this particularly metallic sort of plot. The Voyseys could have been stirred to a display of their individualities, and the necessary form and coherence supplied, by the use of a sustaining story much more typical of such a home—at least, so one believes, so finds the world. Then why this special spindle, so eccentric and bizarre? Why this device of a solicitor playing old Puck with his practice—tossing his clients' coin about in a kind of colossal roulette with an impudence that makes our economics look ridiculous, that shows up our solemn share-holding as the merest shibboleth and sham, and exposes the stupendous silliness of a social system which depends upon such unproductive middle-management with its inevitable sequel of treadmill waste of genuine power?

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Granville Barker and his mascot.

The echoes of the definition give the answer. [*Enter Ghost.*] Impossible not to hear in that contemptuous indictment the very accent of our fierce Adelphic oracle. the swish of the lacerating knout of cutting logic which he wields. Yes—it has to be admitted—shade of Shaw! Had his bony Fabian forefinger never beckoned Mr. Barker, the elder Voysey, I feel sure, would have remained an honest father, and his children would have been allowed to live their lives (and live them before us entertainingly) with all their charming Chislehurst simplicity.

But now we must step carefully. There is immense need here for clearness. Upon no other question have Mr. Barker's critics gone more wildly wrong than on this one of the influence of Shaw; and if I summon the old bogey here once more it is in the hope, if not of laying it, then of locating it so exactly that superstition in the future will not imagine it detects it where it isn't. It is amazing, it is heartrending, it fills one with despair for common eyesight, to watch the wholesale way Mr. Barker has been bracketed with Mr. Shaw; to read the ordinary comments that are made about "The Voysey Inheritance" or "Waste" you would conclude that G.B. was simply G.B.S. *minus* S. Whereas the truth (and to some extent the trouble, too) is that they are temperamentally and technically entirely unakin. They are as different as Ulster is from Ireland (Mr. Barker is mainly Scotch) or as dogma is from dream; their dramatic methods are just as unlike as their clothes are, or their respective ages, or their eyebrows. Especially the eyebrows! Consider them, I beg you—there are photographs in this and recent issues of THE BOOKMAN that will do. G.B.S.'s run truculently upwards and outwards with the aggressive twirl of a born fanatic and fighter. Mr. Barker's slant precisely the other way about; they rise towards the centre with a kind of quizzical perplexity to make an expression of whimsical interrogation. G.B.S.'s are the bristling eyebrows of a man who has made the Englishman's castle his home, and is intolerantly putting it to rights. Mr. Barker's are those of a kind of puzzled pierrot, of a man incurably capable of wonderment and whimsy—one of those who never can feel quite at home in the real world, to whom even the Englishman's castle is still a dark tower of romance, and who eyes it with a quaint and comical dismay. And their way of holding their pens is just as different. Their methods of expression are as unlike as their expressions. Mr. Shaw's sentences are arrowy, as rigid as ruled lines, Mr. Barker likes quaintly qualifying clauses—oblique parentheses that slant out of the strict logic of the line, with the effect of a deprecating shrug. He has to write sentences—but he won't deliver one; which is exactly what Shaw can't help. Mr. Shaw's stage-directions are commands; Mr. Barker's, indications—he has a trick of using a terminal "perhaps." "*There are many books in the room, hardly any pictures, a statuette, perhaps.*" "*You can discern a bookcase filled with heavy volumes—law reports, perhaps.*" "*A certain liking for metaphysical turns of speech show an Eastern origin, perhaps.*" It is an odd constructional trick, and it seems to me beautifully characteristic. Even in the faces of his characters it is repeatedly reflected, in expressions of half-humorous dubiety. Philip Madras is constantly raising his eyebrows *quizzically, whimsically*; even old Voysey's eyebrows have an elvish twist. Whimsical eyebrows, in short, and a tone of charming deprecation—we really needn't search for other traits. Such clues may seem slight, but indeed they are cardinal—quite enough to authorise us to deny as utterly preposterous the suggestion that Barker is simply Shaw without the bite, or that these "Plays" are "Plays for Puritans, Vol. II." We may, perhaps, sum it up shortly by saying that Mr. Shaw's utterances end with a bang; Mr. Barker's with a speculative "perhaps."

IV.

But there is a spark of truth in all mistakes, even the smokiest; and there is gleam of justice here. It is

this: that although Mr. Barker's attitude when writing is exactly the opposite of Mr. Shaw's, although he sits precisely on the other side of the table, yet, partly for that reason, whenever he glances up his view of life naturally includes the noble figure of his *vis-à-vis*. There is not a trace of Mr. Shaw in Mr. Barker's technique; but there is all of him in Mr. Barker's world. The distinction is a deep one. I would like to draw it in red ink. It probably applies to more cases than our subject's. "I suppose I owe more to Shaw," Mr. Barker once said to me, "than to any other man alive. He is certainly my very greatest friend." Now debt and intimacy would doubtless be largely the result of the very divergencies of temperament we have been noting—the dissimilarities which make Mr. Barker a kind of interrogative spectator and Mr. Shaw a spectacular asserter. You are to figure Mr. Barker, twenty years ago, approaching life with a charmed eagerness and wonder. He was eager, he was earnest, he had swiftness and sincerity, he had genius and the *naïveté* of genius; he was curious about ideas, he was humbly anxious to learn to live; and he was earning his living as an actor. It was humanly impossible for such a youngster to avoid being fascinated by the man who was at that time the most exhilarating literary figure in the Town; and the world the young man contemplated became, therefore, pretty quickly a world thickly populated by his great friend's prophecies and projects and ideas. It was rather a beautiful relationship, I think. Old man and young man, dogmatist and dreamer, like some new Virgil and Dante of our day, they descended together all the circles of—the hell in "Man and Superman"; and although Mr. Barker, left to himself, would probably never have explored this metaphysical Avernus—would have thought of it, indeed, as a mere backstairs to actual life—it was inevitable that, having once explored it in such company, it should become a fixed and vital part of his mental picture of reality—the central court, indeed, round which the rest of the rooms of the national house were arranged, or at any rate the stokehold, the engine-room, the power-chamber, without a knowledge of which nothing else could be understood, no remotest drawing-room or draper's shop or studio;—and without a representation of which, therefore, no reproduction of actuality could possibly be genuinely complete.

That is why we got dramatised social economics used as the material for that mainspring in "The Voysey Inheritance." And that is why (to move on) the subject-matter of the next play, "Waste," is complicated and (as I think) to some extent clouded by a dramatised projection of another of Mr. Shaw's visions—his noble conception of the teacher as the priest of the future, the creed he happens to have restated this very month in "Misalliance."

"What is a child?" he asks, in the new Preface; answering, with the precision of poetry, "A fresh attempt to produce the just man made perfect, that is, to make humanity divine." And "My point is this," said Horace Trebell in "Waste," ten years ago (his part being played, by the way, by Mr. Barker himself), "My point is this: A man's demand to know the exact structure of a fly's wing, and his assertion that it degrades any child in the street not to know such a thing, is a religious revival, a token of spiritual hunger." "The Church," he says again, amplifying his project to reorganize schools on the royal lines of cathedrals, making secular teaching as sacred as the creeds, "The Church has assimilated much in her time. Do you think it wise to leave agnostic science at the side of the plate?"

"I think that this craving for common knowledge is a new birth in the mind of man; and if your Church won't recognise that soon, by so much will she be losing grip for ever over men's minds. . . . I'm offering you a new Order of men and women who'll serve God by teaching his children. . . . Teaching, true teaching, is learning, and the wish to know is going to prevail against any creed. . . . The tradition of self-sacrifice and fellowship in service for its own sake—that's the spirit we've to capture and keep. Education is religion, and those who deal in it are priests without any laying on of hands."

"I have only one belief myself," he adds (Trebell, remember, not necessarily Barker), "that is, human progress,—yes, progress over many obstacles and by many means. I have no ideals. I believe it is statesmanlike to use all the energy you find, turning it into the nearest channel that points forward." It is a restatement of the faith on which Mr. Shaw's eyes have always been indomitably fixed; but it is not an echo of Mr. Shaw. It is a new description, by a younger man, a humbler, gentler, and more generous man, of the writing on the rock which the fierce elder has laid bare; and it is used by him with a respectfulness, both to his art and to life, which the exasperated prophet has never had the patience to display. It is the difference, once more, between the man of letters and the man of laws. Shaw has written many plays in support of just these creeds—"Misalliance" is but the last of a long list; but his attitude in all of them, and especially the later ones, is that of a man who takes the actual play-making contemptuously because he is so sure of the importance of the creed. It is another of the many anomalies of this most amazing man, this most unreasonable rationalist. Because Shaw's characters have solemn truths to tell, he lets them act fantastically; there is the keenest of logic in everything they say, but the most absolute incoherence in their actions. The structure of "Misalliance," for example, is all over the shop—it is even more like a pantomime than Pygmalion; it really *is* a misalliance—a most immoral union of spiritual sobriety and dramatic misbehaviour. Confidently aware of his own rectitude and keen ethical purpose, he feels at liberty to dodge the toil of honest drama. His work is our latest and greatest example of the way moral convictions can lead to technical licentiousness.

But Mr. Barker is quite incapable of these contempts. He takes his work with a fine seriousness and (Scotch blood, perhaps) he jokes about morals with difficulty. "Waste" is the ironic example. For to satisfy his artistic honesty he had to make that political motive an absolutely integral part of the human action of the play; and the result is an intricate alternation of the abstract and the visible, a microscopically close mesh of party theories and personal passions, that defies any attempt at instinctive separation, and so keeps the attention hovering ambiguously between the pure excitement of a drama of ideas and the excitement of a drama of individuals. It is wonderfully wrought—a triumph of weaving; the more closely one peers into the texture, the more one is amazed by the patient

fineness of the thread: the way Trebell's belief in the future and his bloodless passion for his policy is brought at last into frank and fatal conflict with the situation which his inhumanity and his faith have both produced, is a piece of technical patterning beyond praise. Amy O'Connell's child would have lived if she had thought Trebell cared for her: his fight for the future of the children of men, that is to say, murdered his own offspring. But despite this diabolically deft dove-tailing much of the structure still remains abstract and cold. Mr. Barker's conscience couldn't rest until, in the name of honest craftsmanship, it had equipped Trebell with a credible Parliamentary Bill; and I think that Bill proved too heavy. No audience could meet it. The dialogue in the opening Act, where a group of charming ladies grow coquettish about by-elections and Nonconformity, has a quality of algebraic unreality far more artificial than the intrigues in Ann Leete. It seems certain that the planks of a political platform make poor building material for a play.

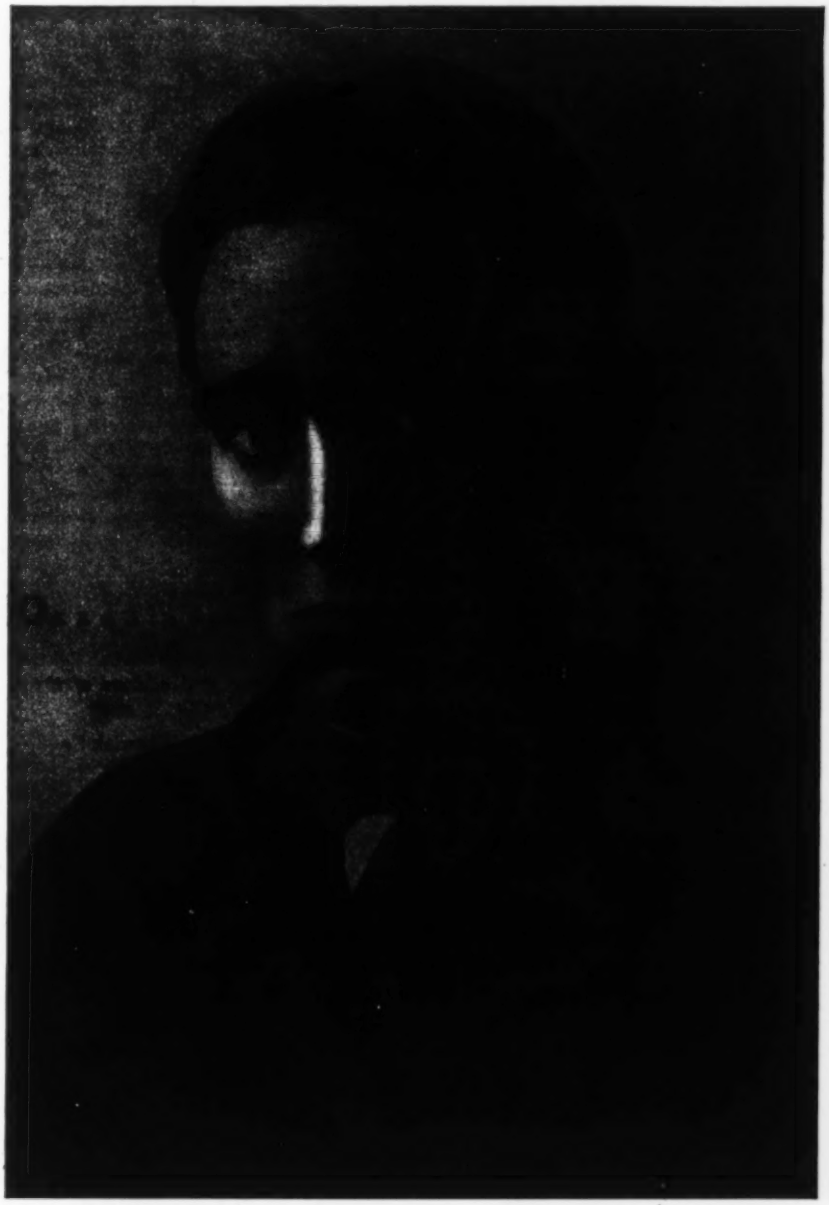


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **H. Granville Barker.**

V.

So that when we come to the end of this first book, when the curtain falls upon "Waste," and we prepare to step across to "The Madras House," the question of whether Mr. Barker did right to follow Ann still remains largely unsolved. It was brave of our puzzled pierrot to resolve to face the facts of life, to be an honest realist and no mere elegant; but so far the facts he has tackled have been terrible tough ones—Fabian facts, in short—economics and politics—desperate material for anybody not a born doctrinaire. Would the experience discomfit him? Would he fall back on artifice, on eighteenth-century gardens and rapiers? Or would he press gamely forward in search of a subject at once romantic and real—as modern as Denmark Hill, yet as human as "Hamlet"—quite as important as the Poor Law, yet as passionate as poetry?—for such a subject, of course, does exist.

In "The Madras House" all these questions are answered. Every wall of it announces that pierrot has won. It is true that its subject-matter is the same as that of "Man and Superman," and "Getting Married." But that happens to be the theme of themes to dramatise emotionally; it is also the subject-matter of "Romeo and Juliet." And here it has been dramatised, in its own terms, undogmatically, with the most delicate loyalty to life: the normal motives of human conduct here move and meet and sway with no perceptible interference from the author. It is true, too, that Philip Madras is going to stand for the L.C.C.—but that dubious ambition of his is only part of his desire—not to dogmatise—but humbly to learn. "It's a muddled country" he admits in Act I. "One's first instinct is to be rhetorical about it, to write poetry and relieve

one's feelings. I once thought I might be self-sacrificing—give my goods to the poor and go slumming—keeping my immortal soul superior still." But (himself a pierrot on pilgrimage) he gets over that. "We have to teach Mildred what love of the world means, Jessica," he says to his wife, in the last scene. "Even if it's an uncomfortable business. Even if it means not adding her to that aristocracy of good feeling and good taste, the very latest of class distinctions. I tell you I haven't come by these doubts so easily. Beautiful sounds and sights and thoughts are all of the world's heritage I care about. Giving them up is like giving my carefully created soul out of my keeping before I die." Which, of course, is the only way a soul can be given life. It is astonishing how obstinately beauty comes back—reappearing, more perfect than ever, precisely in the path which the seeker has heavily taken, convinced that it leads right away from her, that it leads only to Facts, but that it's the only honest way to go. There is certainly beauty in this play—beauty of form, of idea, of human emotion and relationship—beauty especially of a perfect harmony and wholeness. It has balance without bias. It is rounded, moulded, shaped, even more perfectly than the parterre acts of "Ann Leete"; and yet it is as real as the Voysey's chiffonier.

* * * * *

I said, when we started out, that one of the chief joys of criticism was the joy of detection. There is only one other as great—that of indulging in praise. But when the first pleasure leads you at last imperatively to the second—what extraordinary happiness your craft brings you then! Mine, this minute, is only shadowed by one memory—the recollection of that half-finished play and of three strong-limbed Granville Barkers—Granville Barker the Manager, Granville Barker the Producer, and Granville Barker the Repertory Propagandist—holding the author away from it. I admit, indeed, that their efforts may have done him good in the past, that it was probably they, and especially the disinterested propagandist, who forced him to "give up his carefully created soul out of his keeping" in order that they might return it improved. But, all the same, I feel the time has now come for him to possess that soul in peace again. We may or may not need a Repertory Theatre. But I am certain we do badly need Barker's release. And so I insist that the soundest thing we drama-lovers can do is to get this Repertory on its feet without delay.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best six "don'ts" for competitors in our original lyric competition.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is divided, and we send HALF A GUINEA each to Miss Diana Royds, of Heather Cottage, Bengal Road, Bournemouth, and to Miss Brenda Duncan, of Park House, Croydon, for the following:

THE LOST MOTHER.

Renewed, you say, in every breath,
  She lives where happiest dreams come true;
But were it not the sting of death
  If death indeed made all things new?

Haply she weaves, with starry strands,
  Some web of heaven; but O, to look
Again upon the wrinkled hands
  That laid the knitting by the Book!

No need of glasses now, to see
  The farthest star which burns above;
But could the old eyes beam on me,
  Dim eyes whose only light was love!

As then she was I seek her now—
  No halo round the silver hair,
No crown upon the patient brow;
  Only the cap she used to wear.

Talk not of her immortal youth:
  Dearer her placid age than all.
What shining wings could wear, in sooth,
  The beauty of her faded shawl?

Nay! by her portrait kneeling down,
  One prayer, but one, will I record:
No white wings, but the old grey gown,
  No angel, but a mother, Lord!

DIANA ROYDS.

HOLIDAY.

Come out! for Summer has filled the skies,
And the breath of the morning's sweet,
And I must follow the love in your eyes,
And the lilt of my dancing feet.
The same blithe spirit is calling us
Who piped at the birth of man—
For see on the shimmering sands the track
Of the little goat-feet of Pan!
He beckons us over the far, blue hills
Adown to the shining sea—
Go up!—come follow him, follow him, follow him—follow the trail with me!

The little fauns giggle behind the rocks—
Brown bodies flash in the sun—
For Arcady opens, when great Pan knocks
Where beauty and truth are one.
As, piping a melody ever new,
He beckons us over the sand,
To follow the lure of his Pagan joy
Away to a Pagan land.
So, though my home is upon the shore,
And yours on the rolling sea—
Come up!—come follow him, follow him, follow him—follow the trail with me!

Perhaps he will steal on us, unawares,
And carry us far away,
And when we come back on our homeward track,
We shall find we are old and grey.
Who knows?—but the lure of the sea and the sun
Is one that we can't withstand.
I would fain explore in the faerie lore—
So give me your guiding hand.
For Pan is piping a mad, June song
And calling to sky and sea:—
"A man and a maid from earth have strayed
As of old into Arcady."
So up!—come follow him, follow him, follow him—follow the trail with me!

BRENDA DUNCAN.

We also select for printing:

THE CHARMED CIRCLE.

They say my lady's face is hard,
Who never saw her eyes,
Or deep with tender love and hope,
Or raised in sweet surprise.

They say my lady's heart is cold,
Who on a bed of pain,
Ne'er felt her pitying touch of hand,
That eased the sick again.

I hold the charm, and I can call
The dimple to her chin,
Or wake the gentle mirth that lurks,
Unknown, her eyes within.

'Tis I who keep the golden key,
And tread the hidden way,
That leads where her dear soul joins mine,
And bids me kneel and pray.

(Hester Viney, Scale How, Ambleside.)

PROEMIA.

The sun was shining, dear, be sure,
On that March morn
When you were born:
The radiance of it still abides
In you, and prints
Your moods with hints
Of roseate morning and its joy.

The daffodils were blooming, dear,
On that March morn
When you were born:
The magic of the elfin looms
That spun their gold
In wood and wold
Broidered your golden laughter, too.

The birds were fluting far and near
On that March morn
When you were born:
The music of them entered in,
And dwelt in your
Young heart, and bore
It singing onward through the years.

* * * * *

The mocking-birds were nesting, dear,
On that March morn.

(Vorley Wright, 664, Irving Park Boulevard, Chicago.)

AWAKENING.

Am I to blame Love, that because you kissed me
My world a fairyland no longer seems?
Why did you waken me? Life might have missed me,
Poised on my lofty pinnacle of dreams!

But you and Life searched all the world to find me,
Climbing my giddy heights of hopes and fears;
And now the years of dreaming lie behind me,
Beyond a gulf of strange awakening tears!

The thoughts of innocence are bright and tender,
Woven strands of faith and hope and youth;
Until Life claims their ultimate surrender,
Yielding instead—the knowledge of the truth!

I decked the Future's feet with fancy's flowers,
Bidding them lightly hasten on their way;
But now they thunder in the passing hours,
Drowning the phantom footsteps of To-day!

Only the wonder-wings of Joy had brushed me,
Thrilling my soul in some soft dream-caress;
And then—your lips sought mine, your strong arms crushed me!
How can I tell if this is "happiness"?

Reality has passed Illusion's portal,
Breaking the bonds that held my soul in thrall,
I dreamed Love was a god—divine, immortal,—
And wake to find him human, after all!

(Violet D. Chapman, Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset.)

We specially commend the lyrics sent in by John R. Meyde (Stewkley), Miss G. M. Leeson (Twickenham), Leonora Lockhart (Zululand), R. L. Healey (Preston), Enid Worbright (Chelsea), S. E. H. (Canterbury), J. D. I. Waugh (Toddington), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Vera Wentworth (St. Andrew's), R. E. D. Donaldson (Calne), Frank Savage (Ramsgate), Marie Russell (London, W.), E. M. de Foubert (Edinburgh), D. J. Darlow (Corsham), O. H. C. (Sheffield), Agnes L. Hughes (Washington), Henrietta M. Stephenson (Derby), Albert Muspratt (East Ham), Hannah Bellwood (Scarborough), Miss C. Rassom (Torquay), F. W. Macnamara (Cambridge), Dorothea Hollins (London, W.), A. G. McClellan (Edinburgh), A. V. Waller (Sunderland), Annie Clarke (High Wycombe), A. M. B. Rosman (Ladbroke Grove), Judith Beamsley (Bradford), Mrs. Gordon Laurie (Glasgow), Chas. Ireland (Hove), Mrs. D. M. Tweeddale (Birkdale), R. T. Barton (Plaistow), Gladys New (Birkenhead), C. Pitt (Alaska), O. W. Jew (Old Charlton), Harold J. Dutton (Nottingham), G. W. Turner (Burnley), S. J. Morrison (Grange-over-Sands), H. K. Watts (Nottingham), W. T. Brocklebank (Darlington), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), Miss G. L. Isaac (Malvern), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Henry Nicoll (Oxford), A. Glyn Prys-Jones (Walsall), Miss H. C. Williamson (Galashiels), Evelina San Garde (Accrington), Gwyn Elton (High Barnet), Doris Dean (Bromley), M. M. (Eastbourne), V. de Sola Pinto (Hampstead), Arbel M. Aldous (Hendon), Leopold Spero (London, W.), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate), Hylda C. Cole (Glasgow), Synergos (Holloway), Anthony Dobbing (Halifax), Joan M. Waterlow (S. Kensington), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Clarice M. Caley (Norwich), J. B. (Crewe), K. Cairns (Dublin), Mrs. M. O. B. Wilkinson (California), Eric Chilman (Hull), Horace W. Walker (Hull), Mrs. Fortescue (Southwold), Enoch Daniels (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Florence Taylor (Honor Oak), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), W. Sutherland (Sunderland), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), G. J. Holme (Great Malvern), J. D. Smith (Milngavie), Mary R. Wilshire (Victoria Park), Reginald Gray (Darlington), Mrs. Hanrahan (Cork), Florence E. Boag (W. Ealing), Francis Embling (Portsmouth), Marjorie Stuart (York), S. N. Veitch (Durham), Frances Bexfield (Audley), L. M. Davis (Enfield), Constance V. Kerr (West Hartlepool), E. R. L. (Durham), A. W. Jay (Devonport), Clement H. Whitby (Yeovil), H. B. Dawes (Birkdale), Douglas Wilson (Eccles), Eva Ridley (Hove), James Omerod (Bolton), R. J. Woodhouse (Merstham), W. W. B. (Prescot), W. J. Halliday (Pudsey), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), Marjorie W. Crosbie (Herne Bay), J. L. Duncan (Rothesay), A. J. G.

(Herne Hill), N. B. Laughton (Edinburgh), O. T. Smith (Barings), Grace H. Hill (Hampstead), J. Hudson (Camberwell), R. S. Frayn (Ilminster), S. S. (Bournemouth), Leon Gellert (Adelaide, S. Australia), E. D. Bangay (Chesham), Richard Seneschal (Los Angeles), A. L. Beatrice Sweet (Tokio), Peggy Grant (New Forest), May Yates (New Brighton), Lilla G. McKay (Auckland, N.Z.), G. M. Northcott (Birkenhead), M. Graham (Liverpool), P. H. B. L. (Oxford), Henry Baxter (Neath), Kenneth A. MacFayden (Prince Edward Island), M. O. (Llandudno), Chas. Whitwell (Wanstead), M. H. Potter (Taunton), T. A. King (Moseley), Constance Cochrane (Solihull), Violet D. Chapman, (Burnham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, of 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham, for the following :

THE PYJAMA MAN. By RALPH STOCK. (Hutchinson.)

"I haven't a shirt to my back."

COL. J. HAY, *The Enchanted Shirt.*

We also select for printing :

CRAB APPLES. By OLGA DARDAY. (Max Goschen.)

"Alas! how deeply painful is all payment!"

BYRON, *Don Juan.*

(Miss S. M. Isaacson, 14, Gordon Place, Campden Hill, W.)

CUBIST POEMS. By MAX WEBER. (Elkin Mathews.)

"Do I sleep? Do I dream?
Do I wander and doubt?
Are things what they seem?
Or is visions about?"

BRET HARTE, *Further Language from Truthful James.*

(Frank Savage, c/o D. A. Wallace, Esq., "The Croft," Montefiore Avenue, Ramsgate.)

A WELSHMAN'S REPUTATION. By "AN ENGLISHMAN." (Stanley Paul.)

"Look on my George."

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI., 2nd Part.*

(Mrs. MacGregor, 34, Glenmore Road, Oxton, Birkenhead.)

THE DEVIL IN SOLUTION. By WILLIAM CAINE. (Greening.)

"When taken
To be well shaken."

GEO. COLMAN, *The Newcastle Apothecary.*

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

THE WOMAN'S WAY. By CHARLES GARVICE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"'Look at the clock.' said Winifred Pryce
As she opened the door to her husband's knock,
Then paused to give him a piece of advice—
'You nasty varmint—look at the clock!'"

Ingoldsby Legends.

(Mrs. Fortescue, Alleyn House, Southwold, Suffolk.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best appeal in eight lines of verse to the Holiday Burglar is awarded to Mr. F. Dale, of The School House, Woodbridge, Suffolk, for the following :

TO THE HOLIDAY BURGLAR.

O Burglar, in these days of strikes
And other things that one dislikes
I find my summer holiday
Of circumstance become the prey.
Waiters and porters are called out;
What next may come there's always doubt.
You would my mind from one care free,
If you would strike from sympathy.

Other good verses have been received, the best twelve being those from Miss S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), W. H. Stretton (Bishop's Park), Rev. F. Horn (Rowland's Castle), Reginald P. Connell (Kennington), Hilda Trevelyan Thomson (Linthorpe), Norman Birkett (Edgbaston), Betty S. Maxwell (Gt. Crosby), Kathleen Kevin (Belfast), Ralph H. Bridgwater (Birmingham), F. E. Bolt (Anerley), Dorothy H. Malley (Sutton).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Miss Lucy G. Chamberlain, of Plas Brith, Llandudno, North Wales, for the following :

QUINNEYS. By HORACE A. VACHELL. (Murray.)

The very human figure of the art-dealer—rough, cute, and well meaning—withal lovable—with his extraordinary flair for the antique, his strivings after honesty in a trade lending itself peculiarly to the "faker"—is Mr. Vachell's finest effort. Drawn with a sure, fearless hand, he is the centre of interest—the crux of every situation. A wise, quaint, humorous book, the underlying romance, the clever characterisation—even the novelty of life in a new guise—the fascination of behind-the-scenes in a curio shop—yet sink into obscurity beside the man whose danger lay in the fact that he "loved things better than he loved people."

We also select for printing :

THE FORTUNATE YOUTH. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. (Lane.)

No book could be a more excellent tonic than the above for anyone who feels the "grasshopper" a "burden"! It is instinct with *joie de vivre*, and radiates it in a marvellously infectious manner! "Absurd" and "improbable" it may be termed by the blasé or critical reader, but there is in it an irresistible quality of vitality, founded on an equally irresistible faith in destiny which carries its possessor triumphantly through apparently overwhelming odds to the seemingly unattainable goal. That a *gutterboy* should marry a *Princess* sounds like a fairy-tale, but for "The Fortunate Youth" the fairy-tale comes true!

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

MODERN LOVERS. By VIOLA MEYNELL. (Secker.)

Miss Meynell's study of the inter-relations of two girls and three men is essentially modern in its insistence upon psychology rather than action, in its dealing with the commonplace, and in its feminist outlook. By the latter is meant no disparagement, but perhaps the author's own sex makes it inevitable that her women are seen, as it were from within, and her men from without. The analysis of character is often vivid and masterly, and it is the fault of the type rather than of the book itself that the general atmosphere is one of sordid greyness.

(Edna Smallwood, 133, Highbury Quadrant, N.)

SYLVIA. By UPTON SINCLAIR. (Long.)

Mr. Sinclair gives us in Sylvia a truly bewitching figure, a creature of such stuff indeed "as dreams are made of." We are all of us more or less children at heart, and dearly love a heroine who recalls the beautiful princess from the fairy stories of our youth. Such a radiant being as Sylvia must surely satisfy the most romantic of us, and were it not for its ghastly close the book would be immensely fascinating. As it is, the unspeakable horrors reserved for us in the last few pages leave us with a feeling of the utmost revulsion.

(Mrs. W. L. Saunt, 42, Stanford Road, Kensington, W.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by Gladys Evelyn Warren (St. John's Wood, N.W.), Mrs. W. J. Macnamara (Dublin), Rolanda Hirst (Yorks), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Donald Leitch (Glasgow), Miss C. Ransom (Torquay), S. A. Thorp (Eltham, S.E.), Ernest S. Heron (Chester), Cathleen White (Barnes, S.W.), Kitty Cairns (Dublin), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), Norman Birkett (Edgbaston), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Arthur Davidson (Nairn), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate, N.), Annie L. Beal (Barnes, S.W.), Pauline Lee, Miss E. S. Wright (Tunbridge Wells), Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester), Olive Turney (Beccles), Hilda Ridley (Buffalo, U.S.A.), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), James A. Richards (Tenby), Elsie G. Davies (Wolverhampton), Miss L. F. Munro (Edmonton, Canada), H. S. Pridham (Portsmouth), Arthur Wenzel (Los Angeles, U.S.A.), F. Heathcote Briant (Catford, S.E.), Frank Savage (Ramsgate), G. E. Wakerley (West Bridgford, Notts.), Miss L. Mugford (South Norwood Hill, S.E.), G. E. Stanton (South Wigston), Leo Delicati (Cotham, Bristol), Marjorie E. Barnard (London, S.W.), Anna Fraser (West Kensington, W.), and Henry Baxter (Neath).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Forrest, 34, Glenmore Road, Oxton, Birkenhead.

WAVERLEY: OR A HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

TO the authors of our choice we all owe a debt of gratitude, greater than we can ever pay. How, indeed, can our debt possibly be estimated to copious authors we read again and again for no motive other than sheer pleasure. Words utterly fail, indeed, to express the balance of debt I owe to the author of "Waverley." I recur to four or five of the Waverley novels every year, and never with a sensation approaching to surfeit. I like to bring every historic event to the test of a verdict from one of the most sagacious judges of how history actually happened that has ever lived; and nothing gives me greater pleasure in reading than to come across an inlay of Scott in an essay written by a contemporary whose judgment is worth considering. On two occasions I am happy to record this has occurred to me lately in perusing the writings of Sir William Robertson Nicoll. Once in an essay on the late Mr. Watts-Dunton in "A Bookman's Letters," where, speaking of his subject's criticism, the author says: "There was no blare of trumpets in his praise, but a sentence meant as much from him as a light caress from 'Di Vernon.'" Again, in the "Day Book of Claudius Clear," where there is a very delightful essay on Buried Romance, under the title of "Eheu Evelina." These two words contain a thrill for anyone who, like myself, dotes upon "The Antiquary." In this story there is undoubtedly some indication of the great disappointment which blunted Scott's susceptibilities in exactly the same way as a love-grief blunted those of Mr. Gilfit. Other fragments of the tale are told in the stories of Edward Waverley, Alan Fairford, Darsie Latimer, and Frank Osbaldistone, and give to all Scott's fiction a kind of latent sentimental interest. References to, and citations from, Scott are not very easy to compass, for the simple reason that Scott is so very unconcentrated an author. But there are still very frequent references to him in the best critics of our time. Andrew Lang, of course, had Scott at his finger-tips. Elton and Ker have written their most eloquent pages in appreciation of his great Fabulary. The people whose opinion one defers to as of right are all deeply penetrated with feeling for the "Shirra"—"true gentleman, heart, blood and bone," and I often reflect with delight on Jowett's admission that he never liked to let two years elapse without reading the "Bride of Lammermoor" through once again.

Nevertheless, it is shocking to find how indifferent and seemingly impervious the younger generation to-day are to Scott. I am philosophic enough to attribute it in part to the unfailing effect of the sun upon all the most ostensibly fixed of the colours of art; but I attribute it still more to the ignorance of the younger people as to the profundity of the pleasure involved in a sound estimate of the Waverley series as a whole, and to the fact that they may have been misguided in their choice of what books to prefer, and what novels to postpone in the Waverley cycle. For all these reasons I am extremely glad to have the opportunity of proclaiming my faith that as sure as there is a God in Gloucestershire, so, without doubt, Abbotsford is one of the most splendid, if not the most splendid, of all modern literary shrines. All admit the hero in Scott, as portrayed for future ages by Lockhart. In retelling the story of how "Waverley" came to be written, and how the world was entirely captivated by it and its immediate successors, we have to remember in addition that Scott was the instaurator of historic romance—romantic history, the patentee of the glamour of Scotland, the Highland Line and the Jacobites ("Charlie over the Waterism" as Borrow called it), and an early instinctive rebel against industrial anarchy and the radicalism that would palliate it. A champion of Seigneury—where others seek for the gleam among the trees westward, he looks back along the stems already traversed to find delight and profit there.

Scott Finding the MS. of "Waverley."
From "The Scott Country," by W. S. Crockett (A. & C. Black).

Two absurd mistakes are often made in relation to Scott's work upon the very threshold of our subject: assumption first that Scott's novels suffered inevitably from the mere fact of the rapidity with which they were written; second, that they are shallow, experimental, and tentative things with no deep roots in the past either of Scotland or of Scott. In reality, Scott's whole life had been devoted to piling up a huge escarpment of conservative tradition. The preliminaries were so extensive that works of massive interest of one kind or another were almost bound to accrue. He had long had in mind an attempt to depict the manners of his country in prose. His memory, by constant exercise and training

had become a museum of Scottish character, incidents and antiquities, which, while almost inexhaustible in its wealth, was always at the disposition of his poetic imagination. Like most of the greatest of fiction by Shakespeare, Balzac, Swift, Defoe, and Trollope, the novels were written with almost incredible rapidity. We have to remember that they were written from a mind stored to repletion with the characters, incidents, and even the details of dialogue and the turn of dialect that this author sought to reproduce. He was forty-three years of age when, with a long break of Scottish novels covering the period from Charles II. to George III., he commenced the incomparable series of thirty-one tales which were to influence the life and literature of Europe, as the "Arabian Nights" had done upon their first importation to Europe—a hundred years earlier.

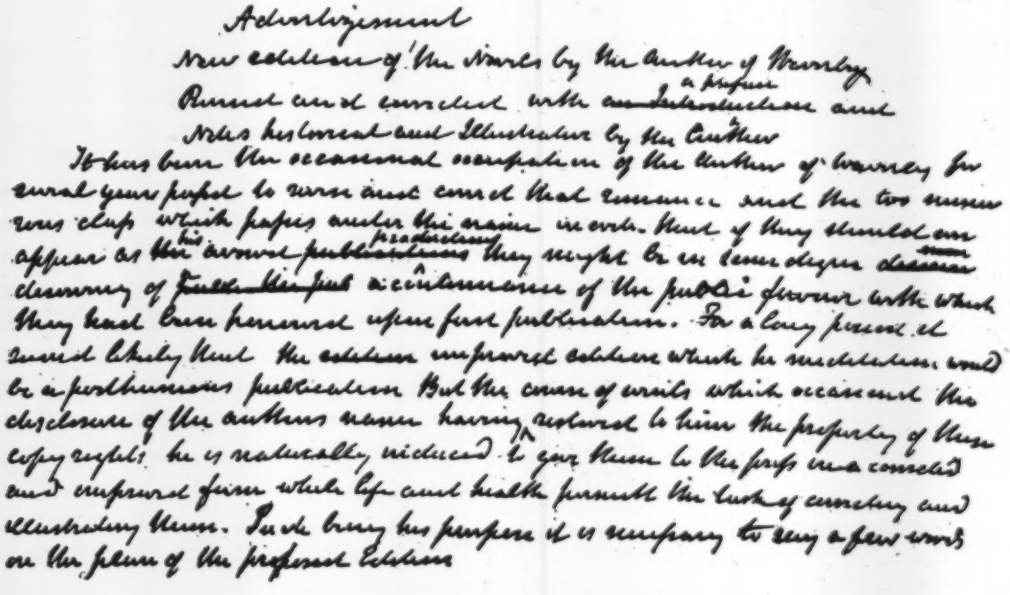
Abbotsford in 1812.

From "The Scott Country," by W. S. Crockett (A. and C. Black).

The prodigality of Scott's invention was the direct result of slowly maturing causes. The long apprenticeship, the patient hiving of material and ripening of faculty had gone on without explicit consciousness of the end to which it was destined they should be applied. But the preparation was complete, and Scott, who had of all his compatriots been most sceptical as to the permanent value of his "Border Lays," had found the mould into which he could pour the whole of his genius. He had hardly any predecessors in historic romance worth speaking about, and his materials were different in almost every respect from those used by his two greatest rivals in respect to historic imagination—Shakespeare and Macaulay. Scott never worked over a chronicle or pored over and collated vast collections of contemporary pamphlets. He never even (with the exception of "Nigel") got up his period systematically. He relied exclusively upon the vividness of his interest, and the gigantic force of his memory to reproduce for him places, scenes, actions and racy fragments of discourse which had been piled up by his imagination in magic clouds to afford relief to his Chateaux d'Espagne.

Like another Don Quixote, with his Palmerins and D'Olivas, Sir Walter's mind was charged with Scotland. Above all other literary Scots, save Dunbar and Burns, he glows with patriotism—devotional and intense. He is at his best and easiest when, like Rob, he kittles up his rustic reed, and he knows better than any man that ever lived what made Scotland Scotland.

He lived much of his time, as he frequently tells us, in an imaginary world, not merely when he was composing, but as a normal incident in his daily routine. It had been so from childhood, but during adolescence and manhood he still kept his hand upon the lever of this time-machine, and when it was least expected, while his body was associated with the exploits of the "Shirra's" train and the Abbotsford Hunt, his spirit was in reality far away, taking the heather with the outlaw, or entering the precincts of Holyrood sixty



Advertisement

New edition of the Novels by the Author of Waverley.
Revised and corrected with additional notes and
Notes historical and Illustrative by the Author

It has been the occasional employment of the Author of Waverley for several years past to revise and correct that succession of tales which passes under that name. Most of them should one appear as the earliest publications they might be in some degree classed among the productions of the first literary period of life, and the circumstance of the public favour with which they had been honoured upon first publication. For a long period it seemed likely that the author's improved abilities would be a posthumous publication. But the course of events which occasioned the disclosure of the author's name having restored to him the property of those copyrights he is naturally inclined to give them to the press in a corrected and improved form while life and health permit the task of correcting and illustrating them. For this purpose it is necessary to say a few words on the plans of the proposed edition

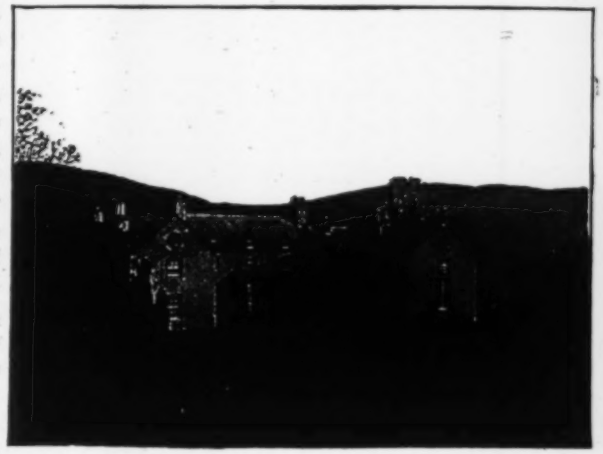
FACSIMILE PARAGRAPH—AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT TO 1829 EDITION.
Reproduced from the Dryburgh edition of "Waverley" (A. and C. Black).

years since with "Charlie and his men." He had partly realised this dream world in his poetry. He completely embodied it in his prose. His active professional duties, which were of a routine nature, and his out-of-door life with men, and practical affairs, were no doubt a means of keeping the balance of sanity and actuality in his life. But, outside of this he had built up a world of his own in which his mind habitually lived. It was this world which came to birth in the Waverley Novels, the plan of which permitted of a variety hitherto unknown in fiction. Real and conjectural history, Scottish anecdote and humour, ground plans of famous sites, the Scots themselves of successive generations, Highland and Lowland, high and low, noble and peasant, professions and trades, soft and sane, huntsmen and ploughboys, castaways and poor scholars, beggars and thieves—all are there in a brilliant setting of lyrical interlude and national folk-lore. They may not be perfectly blended. The gold may be imperfectly worked and screened, but the shaft is sunk and the ore found. Construction is loose, composition unequal, rapid, sometimes very careless. Art is secondary to the nature of the material. But sheer power of genius is there with all its transmuting force. Years fade and vanish, and we are living 'the lang syne' over again.

Here, as in the poems, the novelist owes little to example or precedent. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" is an experiment, so is "Waverley." In "Marmion" we see the result of the craft that emerges from experience. It is the same with "Old Mortality." Contrast the drowsy opening of "Waverley" with the splendid scene of the shooting at the Popinjay, and the night ride that follows, when Henry Morton gets entangled in the destiny of Balfour of Burley. The author in the interval has acquired a very high fixed standard of narrative prose. Scott, who was always a soldier first and foremost in instinct and feeling, had a slight touch of contempt for the literary Edward, his first hero. Henry Morton, in spite of the formality of his talk, was really a fine fellow. Scott, I think, improved steadily in the *ordonnance* of his work from "Waverley" to "Guy Mannering," "Mannering" to "The Antiquary," and thence to "Rob Roy" and "Mortality." Beyond that he could no further go.

It is now time briefly to return in order to retell the story of the inception of "Waverley."

The first start of "Waverley" was made, there is very little doubt, in the year 1805, a very critical year in Scott's life. He had been married about eight years, and was already at the head of a thousand a year. He now left Lasswade, the Gandercleugh of his "Tales of my Landlord," and rented from a cousin Ashestiel, a small but picturesque house—in part very old—on a steep cliff overhanging the Tweed above Yair, and not far from Yarrow, where he had met Wordsworth in 1803. In January of this year the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was published by Longmans, and obtained a welcome which it is hardly possible to appreciate now that the charm of its freshness is matter of ancient history. In December of the same year he put £6,000 into the printing business of James Ballantyne, a proceeding which was the source and origin of all his subsequent troubles. Impelled, among other motives, by a desire to provide "copy" for the printing firm of which



Ashestiel.
From "The Scott Country," by W. S. Crockett (A. & C. Black).

he was an unproclaimed partner, Scott threw together six or seven chapters of the first volume of "Waverley," the second title of which was then to be "'Tis Fifty Years Since." These chapters, which are now generally regarded as inclining to the tedious side, were shown to Erskine, and by him rejected as hardly worthy of Scott's dawning fame as a poet. In 1806, nevertheless, Scott wrote to his frequent correspondent, Lady Abercorn, that he had a great epic on Prince Charlie in contemplation. This seems to have been converted, not into prose romance, but into "The Lady of the Lake," which appeared with conspicuous success in 1810. Shortly after this, Scott set to work as editor, and strung together a concluding chapter to Strutt's antiquarian romance "Queen-Hoo Hall." The woodenness of this may have inspired Scott to think how much better he could do the kind of thing himself. Upon arrival at Abbotsford, therefore, in June, 1812, he made a grand but unavailing search for the repudiated missing chapters of "Waverley." A year later the chapters were triumphantly found in an old bureau in a lumber room, among a lot of flies and other fishing tackle. The old bureau, it is said, is still preserved, and ought, surely,

The Shirra's Knowe at Ashestiel,
where many chapters of "Waverley" were written.
From "The Scott Country," by W. S. Crockett (A. & C. Black).

Photo lent by Mr. W. S. Crockett. **The Gates of Traquair.**

The Tully-Veolan of "Waverley."

to be erected into a national monument; few caskets can have held the promise of so much future wealth.

The first volume of Waverley was now finished, but temporarily laid aside to make way for some articles of general utility which Scott had to get done for Constable. But three weeks, in June, 1814, sufficed for the conclusion of the work; it was then, dining in Edinburgh, Lockhart saw the hand of Sir Walter Scott busy at its task. "Page after page is finished, and thrown on the heap of manuscript, and still it goes on unwearied." The hand-printers and binders had hard work to keep pace with the conceptions of the literary creator. Nevertheless, the novel was published anonymously on July 7th, 1814, and at once achieved a resounding success.

The secret of anonymity was shared by the Ballantynes, Erskine, Constable, and Morritt, and was not very long concealed, I imagine, from several of Scott's lady correspondents. The motive of it was partly commercial, but as far as Scott was concerned essentially romantic. He had already tried it in the case of the "Bridal of Triermain," and he liked the sensation of mystery which it excited. Writing to Morritt two days after the book's appearance, Scott apologised for his "laziness," by referring his correspondent to "a small anonymous sort of a novel in three volumes," which he said that he was sending his friend by the mail of that day. He describes it as a very old attempt to embody some traits of those characters and manners peculiar to Scotland, the last remnants of which vanished during his own youth. Elsewhere he speaks of the half barbarous state of Scotland before 1748, which gave rise to deeds and incidents of the most unlawful, mysterious, and original character. "I had," he says to Morritt, "a good deal of fun in the accomplishment of this task, though I don't expect it will be popular in the South, as much of the humour, if there be any, is local." In this anticipation, he was, of course, entirely wrong; Waverley was received with the greatest delight. The critics, including the *Quarterly* and Lord Byron, were enthusiastic in its praise; it was pronounced superior to Miss Edgeworth's "Castle Rackrent," and the first edition of 1,000 copies was sold in a fortnight, and a second and third edition followed during the autumn. The best judges recognised Scott from the first, and Morritt begged him to reconsider his incognito; but Scott would not hear of it, for he said that if he owned "Waverley" half his pleasure in the performance would evaporate, and he already recognised in his new vein a source of revenue more robust even than "Marmion" or "Rokeby."

Traquair Knowe.

From "The Scott Country," by W. S Crockett (A. & C. Black).

Morritt wrote, on July 14th, that the first volume alone put the book above any other romances of the age, and when you reflect on the brilliance of the picture of Tully-Veolan, the drinking bout at Luckie Macleary's, The Laird of Balma-Whapple, the pedantry of old Bradwardine, and the Shakespearian wildness and raciness of Davie Gellatly, the pronouncement is little in excess of the truth. "The more I read of the book," he wrote a month later, "the more I like it, and I rejoice to hear it has so rapid a sale." Extraordinary to relate, the same month that saw the publication of "Waverley" witnessed the publication of Scott's complete edition of "Swift" in nineteen volumes; a sound piece of work, enough to have furnished another man with the labour of half a lifetime. Always unconcerned about the fate of his works, Scott set out on a six weeks yachting expedition to the Orkneys and Shetlands, where he was —unbeknown to himself—storing material for "The Pirate." But the success of Waverley, and his urgent need of money, allowed Scott very little rest; he was soon pushing his fortunes again into the field of romance, and "refreshing the machine" by the rapid production of "Guy Mannering," in which his first great character creations appear. In the meantime we find him writing to Morritt, "Money is tumbling in upon me very fast, and I am enabled to make a very nice little purchase adjoining Abbotsford, which will cost about £3,000."

It is strange to come across such a singular conjuncture of literary character. Scott revealing in himself at the same time the strength of a giant and the weakness (almost) of a Shenstone. The sweetness of Scott's temper, the Herculean character of his labours, the dramatic irony and grandeur of his rise and fall have obscured from the forgetful generations of men the full splendour of the content of his work. But it is clear for all who run and read to perceive that all his most distinctively grand qualities as a romancist are foreshadowed in "Waverley." The rather deliberate delaying of the beginning of the action until a *mise en scène* and an atmosphere have been patiently constructed. This is a little bit overdone, it is true, in "Waverley." Then the rapid unfolding and progressive beauty and seizing

Photo lent by Mr. W. S. Crockett. **Daft Jock Gray.**

The original of Davie Gellatly in "Waverley."

Photo lent by Mr. W. S. Crockett. **Colonel Charles Whitefoord,**

on whose experiences at and after Preston Pans Scott founded the chivalrous contest between Edward Waverley and Colonel Talbot.

power of the situation immediately the action does begin to develop as in this case upon the departure of the hero from Tully-Veolan. Until by the time Edinburgh and Preston Pans are reached the reader is at the mercy of the full vigour of Scott's incomparable historic imagination. Then the superb fragments of wild lyric and noble ballad of which Scott has had a monopoly for over a century. Also, too, his rather cavalier notions of style—where the sentence falls, there it must lie. One man writes well, another ill. I have not learnt grammar and often make mistakes—this is no more nor less than the literal truth, and Scott's misquotations and errors are almost proverbial. And yet when the subject rises few can write a purer or more naturally noble and adequate English than the author of "Waverley." Take here the description of the evolution of the clansmen under the direction of the Vich ian Vohr and of their farewell to Waverley. As an historian who had the past in his ready grip to an extent that no English-speaking man has had before or since, Scott was singularly fair dealing. He holds the balance fair and even in the main between Lowlander and Highlander, Southron and Scot, Jacobite and Royalist, past and present, Whig and Tory. The dreamer in his nature was well compensated by the laird, the landowner, the justice, the man of property, the modern baronet and man of affairs. His work marks the apotheosis of that romantic Border which in a few brief years gave to English Literature from one poor circumscribed plot of ground three such grand and diverse literary luminaries as Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, and Thomas Carlyle. The work of each of them no doubt will suffer occultation in its turn. But in the end above every other name in our literature save one, everything considered—and my lealty to the "Shirra" has been slowly and steadily increasing ever since I first read "Ivanhoe" at the age of seven and a half—I place that of Sir Walter Scott.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS.

I WAS staying with Mr. Zangwill at his delightful retreat near Angmering when the news of the death of my old friend, Theodore Watts-Dunton, reached me. It was unexpected news, for the other day when I saw him he was bubbling over with fun and brimful of literary projects which would have kept him busy for the next ten years. Some weeks ago it had been necessary to perform a slight operation for the removal of some cysts on his head, and when I last saw him his head was still bandaged. It is possible that this operation may have hastened his end, which came about in a very peaceful and painless fashion. On every Saturday afternoon for many years he always read my article in the *Star*, but of late his eyesight had failed him, and others read aloud to him daily. He had two secretaries. One of them arrived each morning at seven o'clock and read all the morning papers to him for two hours or more. But his lifelong friend, Mr. Thomas Hake, was his mainstay, and for many years he had unselfishly devoted himself to the poet. Indeed, but for Mr. Hake's unwearying help he would have found it difficult to continue his literary labours after his sight began to fail. I may mention the interesting fact that forty years ago Mr. Hake and Theodore Watts (as he was then, for he did not adopt his mother's name till 1897) shared the same chambers in Great James Street, and at that time Swinburne was living in rooms in the same street, although Watts did not know the poet till later. Mr. Hake is steeped in the Swinburnian and Rossettian past. In fact, he told me the other day that he had known

personally the originals of nearly all the characters in "Aylwin." Shortly before his death Mr. Watts-Dunton had prepared a new edition of "Aylwin" in the "World's Classics." In this new edition there is an appendix consisting of Mr. Hake's key to "Aylwin," identifying the prototypes of the various characters.

He died as he would have chosen to die—swiftly and painlessly. Mr. Hake at his request had gone out to buy a copy of the *Star*, so that he might hear him reading my Saturday article. Mr. Hake read it to him as he lay resting on the sofa. It was the article entitled "Mr. Shaw Grows Dull." After Mr. Hake had read the article, Mr. Watts-Dunton said to him, "Now, Colonel, you had better get some tea." Shortly afterwards Mr. Hake returned to the room and found that he had passed away like a little child going to sleep. The bond of affection between him and me was so close that I cannot but feel happy at the thought that the last words he heard were words of mine. The incident shows that his interest in contemporary literature was as fresh and as keen as ever, and that at the age of eighty-two he kept abreast of the latest doings in the literary world.

He was very fond of hearing prose and poetry read aloud. Reading aloud was an old custom at The Pines, for Swinburne was a splendid reader, and for years he used to read aloud to his friend every night after dinner. Swinburne had a beautiful voice, which I believe he inherited from his mother, and I can see him sitting in his wicker chair with his three wax candles in the brass candlesticks placed close together on a little table behind his left shoulder, reading with rhetorical emphasis and dramatic gestures either his latest poem or perhaps a chapter from a novel. In this way he read aloud to his friend the entire works of Dickens. Since the death of Swinburne, Mr. Watts-Dunton's favourite reader was Mrs. Watts-Dunton, and on the day he died he had arranged with her to read to him after dinner the seventh chapter of "Hard Cash." He had marked the chapter with a slip of paper, and the book was found beside him on the couch. Thus his last thoughts were fixed on literature. His sudden interest in "Hard Cash" illustrates the catholicity of his taste. Indeed, he seemed to have read everything, and at a moment's notice he could talk about almost any book that one could mention. In one of my last conversations with him he talked for a whole hour about "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," and advanced many convincing arguments in support of his theory that Edwin Drood was never murdered at all.

There is no doubt that the death of Swinburne was a terrible blow. For a long time he seemed to be inconsolable, and he described to me how he would lie awake "in the watches of the night," weeping for his friend. It would be impossible even to try to convey any faint conception of the passionate affection—amounting to far more than friendship—which bound these two men together. It shone in their eyes as they looked at each other; it vibrated in the tones of their voices as they spoke to each other. I have never known anything like the tenderness and wistfulness of their friendship. It made one think of the story of David and Jonathan, for they were magically youthful in their souls, and there was not a trace of crabbed age, in their ebullient boyishness. The truth is that they never grew old in their old age, and that they were like a pair of chums at school. Such friendships are rare in modern life, and they are especially rare among men of genius. But, as Mr. Zangwill said to me while we talked about them, they represented the older and statelier ways of literature. Now that Watts-Dunton has gone, only Mr. Hardy is left to remind us of the Victorian tradition in letters, with its dignity, its sense of style, its wide culture, its sanity and its magnanimity.

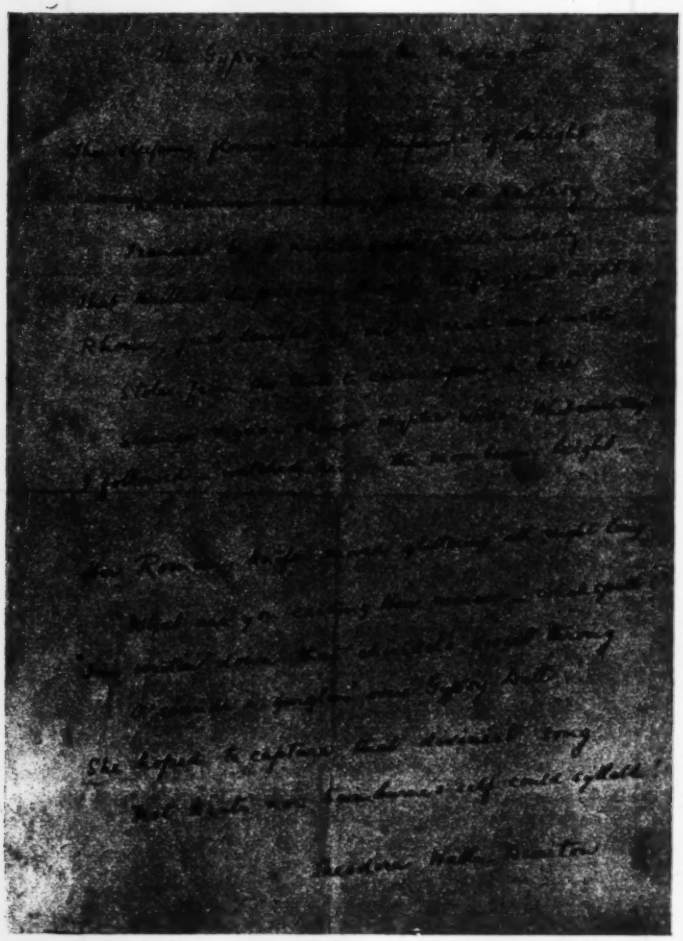


Photo by Townley Searle.

Facsimile of a Sonnet by T. Watts-Dunton,

contributed last year to "The Gypsy and Folk-Lore Gazette."

Many of my friends have often wondered why I placed Watts-Dunton so high in the Victorian hierarchy. The explanation is that I was one of the very few men who had read his forgotten masterpieces of criticism in the *Examiner* and the *Athenæum*. There lies buried the real Theodore Watts, for I like to think of him and to speak of him as he was before he hyphenated his name. There was a strain of irresolute perversity in him which resisted all the efforts of his friends to persuade him to exhume his best work from the grave of dusty files. I vainly tried

to induce him to disinter this buried body of criticism, but when I was writing my book about him he swept aside all my remonstrances and entreated me to devote a goodly part of it to "Aylwin" and to his poems, although in my judgment his critical essays are his best works When they are collected they will establish his fame as the English Sainte-Beuve. There is nothing like them in English literature. They beat the critical work of Coleridge and Matthew Arnold and Hazlitt and every other critic I know. Before he died he was busy expanding his famous essay on "Poetry" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and incorporating in it many of his "*Athenæum*" essays. He was also collecting his various essays on the Sonnet, and these alone will make a separate volume. Then there is his enormously long and still unpublished novel "Carniola," which I read in type several years ago. It was then practically finished, but he was not satisfied with it, and he was busy re-writing it when he died. The truth is that all through his life his critical instinct overpowered his creative impulse. Swinburne was his exact opposite, for he published his poetry as fast as he wrote it. The consequence was that Swinburne left hardly anything to be published posthumously, whereas the best work of his friend is still uncollected.

Photo by Poole, Putney. **T. Watts-Dunton.** [From a painting by Miss Norris.

Swinburne and Watts-Dunton were both small men with unusually large heads. Watts-Dunton was nearly all brain. Most of his photographs caricature him, and he would often say to me that a poet ought to be known by a portrait done in youth and not in old age. He resented the physical incongruity of the young spirit in the old body. This attitude was not altogether inspired by vanity. He would say with a jolly laugh that it was absurd to bewilder readers of his romantic poetry with the image of an old fogey. He maintained that nature was an incorrigible jester and ought to be restrained. The lower part of his face was sweet and gentle, and the chin was delicately rounded. The broad high-domed brow, the brilliant brown eyes, and the strong resonant voice were the living expression of his personality. In some ways he was simple: in others bafflingly subtle. His dominant trait was his hunger for knowledge. He was like Lord Acton in his passion for accumulating stores that the span of human life forbade him to use. He read far too much and wrote far too little. The only editor who could keep him writing was Norman MacColl, and I believe he cleverly played Watts and Henley against each other for years. He once told me an amusing story about his famous essay on the Bible. It was written about a dull book by a friend, and he chuckled over his diabolical skill in evading his duty as a reviewer. But MacColl knew his business, and he wisely let Watts run riot in the "*Athenæum*," whereas the average editor would have spoiled him by trying to control him. *The Times* has rather rashly committed itself to the prediction that his verses are "not such as will live." His best sonnets, at any rate, will endure. The sextet of "Natura Benigna" can hardly die.

> "Mother, 'tis I, reborn: I know thee well:
> That throb I know and all it prophesies,
> O Mother and Queen, beneath the olden spell
> Of silence, gazing from thy hills and skies!
> Dumb Mother, struggling with the years to tell
> The secret at thy heart through helpless eyes."

But it is as a critic that he is supreme. Some of the finest passages in "Aylwin" were lifted bodily from his "*Athenæum*" articles. He is the only English critic with a power of generalising in great curves of thought. His mastery of general principles is unsurpassed. His critical system will only be understood when his buried essays are brought together in a series of volumes. His theory of poetic vision, his theory of prose style, his theory of humour, his theory of drama, and his theory of fiction have been neglected because they have never been effectively published. When they are published their bold originality will astonish the world of letters.

It is to be hoped that The Pines will be preserved intact as a memorial and monument for the delight of future generations. There is no house so rich in associations with Victorian literature and art. Swinburne lived there with his friend for thirty years, and the room in which Swinburne read and wrote for thirty years is at this day exactly as it was when he died. Swinburne's books remain on the shelves as he left them. It is the room of a passionate bookman. Often, as we sat in the dim candlelight, Swinburne would jump up and run to a shadowy corner of this room in search of a tiny volume. He never hesitated, but invariably picked it out. He kept his crowded shelves in beautiful order, and his room was a miracle of tidiness. Mr. Watts-Dunton once assured me that Swinburne had cat's eyes, and that he could see in the dark. The pictures and the furniture at The Pines are also worth preserving for the nation. Then there is the charming old garden with its apple trees, and the statue of Venus from Rossetti's garden. The house as a whole is a Victorian casket. At one time or another nearly every man of letters of our time has there enjoyed the table-talk of the great poet and the great critic. The Pines ought to be conserved as lovingly as the house of Victor Hugo in Guernsey.

New Books.

ST. JOHN HANKIN'S PLAYS.*

St. John Hankin was not an impressive dramatist, but he had certain gifts of irony, finish, and epigram, which lift his plays into the air of real achievement. The three plays before us now are representative of their author's social comedy. They make good, if rather pallid, reading, and their lack of originality is to some extent compensated for by their consistent effort to develop genuine situations. It is true that Hankin runs to exaggeration and repetition of types, and it is true that a great deal of his satire is trite and obvious; but it is true also that he always has an idea at the back of his head, and that he is a sincere if small artist. The setting of these plays is that of the country house. They deal with those *contretemps* which are apt to flutter the upper stratas of society. In "The Cassilis Engagement" it is the son of the house falling in love with a vulgar Cockney girl; in "The Charity that Began at Home" it is the daughter of the house falling in love with a man who has been turned out of his regiment; in "The Return of the Prodigal" it is the awkward situation caused by the home-coming of the family "waster." An air of comedy and persiflage covers these rather tragic affairs, but there is underlying bitterness—a bitterness which is perhaps the really interesting thing about the plays. You feel that the author of them had a certain savage intensity in what he wrote, although he spent his best efforts trying to conceal it. The feebleness of his sarcasm often irritates one, although the brilliance of his wit is occasionally startling. Perhaps that is the paradox that must inevitably appear in any writer who obviously strains after effect. Here is an example of the sort of thing that wearies the reader:

"Engagements are such troublesome things. They sometimes even lead to marriage."—(Lady Remenham in Act I. of "The Cassilis Engagement.")

and here is another:

"Mr. Hylton is a very clever man. He writes *books*."—(Lady Denison in Act I. of "The Charity that Began at Home.")

and here is another, though it is on a higher level:

"I don't like this pernicious modern jargon about shopkeepers and gentlefolk being much the same. There's far too much truth in it to be agreeable."—(Lady Faringford in Act I. of "The Return of the Prodigal.")

Hankin undoubtedly suffered from the Wilde influence in his idea of comedy. Sparkle is all very well, but it is the foe of reality. Comedy is not farce inherently, but verbal acrobatics soon make it degenerate into farce. There are things in Hankin which hover perilously upon the farcical verge, just as there are things in him which give glimpses of a deep and almost sombre philosophy. There is an acid drop in his pen, and into the quiet and restfulness of warm summer evenings on well-kept, secluded lawns, he can drop a withering touch of discomfort and doubt. He reads a little "thin" nowadays, but he still survives through the charm of his technical dexterity. There is a certain flavour about his work. The pity is that he had not greater force or originality. There is nothing so exhausting as the hackneyed ideas of dramatists—they are so amazingly transparent. Fortunately for us St. John Hankin was only their partial slave; he had something else in him, something much more precious and lasting. He was, indeed, a man of distinguished talent, though not just distinguished enough to carry him to the niche he aimed at. That, in itself, is the bitterest tragedy of an artist's life.

RICHARD CURLE.

* "The Cassilis Engagement," "The Charity that began at Home," "The Return of the Prodigal." 2s. net each. (Martin Secker.)

WAGNER WITH A DIFFERENCE.*

Still they come, these books on Wagner! And the more the better, if not precisely the more the merrier. For merriment commend me to the earlier treatises, the grotesquely funny defamation and the almost equally funny adulation. Certainly the last thing one would say of Mr. Newman's volume is that it is merry. He is too desperately earnest for that. Like many other reasonable people he has been irritated by the egregrious Wagner-worship that followed the initial vilification—the adoring utterances that pronounced Wagner himself a noble and saintly man, called his horrible treatises lovely as prose and valuable as æsthetics, described his more tortuous obscurities as philosophy, and gushed over his strings of epithets as poetry. We are beginning to take a saner view of him now, and Mr. Newman's volume is the sanest that has yet appeared.

The only doubt is whether a very sane book can tell us very much about Wagner the man. Bagehot said of Gibbon that his style was not one in which the truth could be told. In similar terms we may question whether a style of critical sanity is effective for telling the truth about Wagner. To put the matter crudely, Wagner was a cad, a cadger, a liar, an adulterer. Describe him lengthily in these terms; give all the details of his cadging and his caddishness; get every date of his lies and his intrigues exactly right; and how near are you to the man who wrote "Tristan" and the "Meistersinger"? That is a point I think Mr. Newman overlooks. His book is a counter-blast and has the defects inseparable from a speech for the prosecution. Mr. Newman is so anxious, so honestly anxious, to expose the sophistications of "Mein Leben" and refute the ecstatic exaggerations of adorers, that he is compelled to put all the emphasis of his pages upon everything that counts to Wagner's discredit; so that in the end he gives us all the Hyde and scarcely any of the Jekyll. But, after all, it is the Jekyll in Wagner that counts for us. We may rightly judge the sins of the artist; the sins of the man are the concern of God.

Mr. Newman's eagerness to be impartial tends to carry him over to the side of injustice. Even in the turn of a phrase he manages to give the less charitable view of a fact. Thus, in the Introduction, he says of all the multitudinous self-explanations that Wagner left:

"It is pretty clear that at an early age he realised that he was destined to be a great man, and took care that the world should not suffer from any lack of materials for the writing of his life."

Now this is a very elementary view of the egoism of genius. We can be pretty clear that at an early age Wagner did nothing of the kind. The intensest need of creative genius is self-expression; and Wagner's outpourings about himself and his art, from his early days to the very end, were simply one of the modes of that self-expression. We can be pretty clear that the youth who at an early age realises that he is destined to be a great man and begins to provide materials for his biography is someone who will never be heard of. Genius does not work in quite such a mathematical fashion.

Wagner's desire for creative self-expression was so intense that he simply ignored all the obligations of decency in order to compass his ends. He was ready to sponge on anybody who could contribute to his support and comfort, and he sponged cheerfully without the least signs of any sense of shame. Not a pretty spectacle, certainly; still, after all, he fulfilled his own side of the bargain. He did his work. He did not ask people to maintain him on the score of wonderful works that he did not write. He was not like Coleridge who died with a

* "Wagner as Man and Artist." By Ernest Newman. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

huge accumulation of unredeemed artistic IOU's to his discredit. Let us see what Mr. Newman says about it:

"On one point he was quite firm; he had no intention of ever again competing in the arena with other men for a living. It was the world's duty to provide him with food and shelter in return for his work; how, as he pathetically put it, could he give the world the best that was in him if he had to waste his energies on futile things? Thousands of other men, it is needless to say, have felt the same difficulty; probably nine brain workers out of ten have to squander two-thirds of their best mental powers on futilities in order to win a little time in which to exercise the other third in the way they like. One thinks of George Meredith, for example, feeling his bent to be mainly towards poetry, but compelled to boil the pot with novels, and to purchase the pot itself by reading for a publisher."

This will scarcely do. Does Mr. Newman really believe that Meredith was an artistic failure, that his novels were pot-boilers, and unwritten poems his true life's work? I should have thought the existing poems a sufficient answer to that. The point of the matter is whether the artist who demands support is justified in his demand. Surely no critic can really think that Wagner's music and Meredith's poetry stand on the same plane in this respect. Mr. Newman goes on to quote Frau Wille's "interesting picture of him brooding over his wrongs and crying in the face of heaven," and full of an "unshakable belief in the rightness of whatever ministered to his own comfort for the time being":

"He walked agitatedly up and down the room. Suddenly he stopped in front of me and said, 'I am differently organised. I have excitable nerves; I must have beauty, brilliancy, light. The world ought to give me what I need. . . . Is it an unheard-of demand if I hold that the little luxury I like is my due—I, who am procuring enjoyment to the world and to thousands?'"

Well, after all, is there not something to be said for his side of the case?

Mr. Newman is equally austere in his handling of the sordid story of Wagner's unhappy marriage. He is so moved to righteous indignation by the satellites of Wahnfried who can find nothing bad enough to hint against Minna, that he becomes meticulous in counting up everything that tells in Minna's favour and against Wagner; with the result that he obscures or overlooks the essential fact of the case, namely, that the marriage really was a tragic misalliance. To prove that Wagner was sometimes a bad husband does not prove that Minna was always a good wife. In his case, at least, we can plead the aberrations of genius. And, in the end, later events proved that, suitably mated, Wagner could be as good a husband as the least gifted among us.

But here I am doing the very thing I am blaming Mr. Newman for: I am emphasising all the faults. Readers of this book will be well advised to hurry over the first part on Wagner the man, so excellent and well-documented as a piece of evidence, so arid and profitless as the life of an artist, and pass on to the second part, the study of Wagner the composer. Here Mr. Newman is excellent. His criticism of Wagner's musical development is the soundest and most illuminating I know. I do not agree with his high estimate of "Die Götterdämmerung" and "Parsifal," neither of which I ever want to hear as a whole any more; but that disagreement does not prevent me from enjoying his discussion. Mr. Newman has one quality that I cannot recall for the moment in any other English critic of Wagner—his progressiveness of view. His mind has not stopped at Wagner. He does not, like some others, regard Wagner as the end of music with chaos beyond. His view that the logical development of Wagnerism is not the music-drama but the symphonic poem has much to commend it. Indeed, much of the best of Wagner himself is music-poem rather than music-drama. Certainly the converse is true that Wagner is at his driest and dullest in unmitigated music-drama. See many pages of the "Ring" for examples. "Tristan" gives us an illustration of both forms of art. In my opinion the finest sustained piece of Wagner is the first act of "Tristan" where music and drama are blended into one long soaring flight of swift intense emotion, unparalleled in his works. The mere drama, the situation, the interchange of words, the clash of character count very powerfully towards the total effect. But in the second act all is changed. Who cares an atom about the balderdash that constitutes the alleged poetry the lovers sing? And in Brangäne's watch-song, where, as it seems to me, pure emotional music reaches its highest point of expression, as long as you hear the lingering vocal phrases intoned as beautifully as they are by Kirkby Lunn's rich voice, what does it matter whether she sings "Habet Acht" or the multiplication table? The words are the excuse for the introduction of a voice. Rational meaning has no place in the scheme. In that moment of perfect rapturous music I do not ask for more than pure ethereal sound can give.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

DOROTHY JORDAN.*

The art of the actor is for an age not for all time, thus widely differing from that of the painter, the sculptor and the man of letters. Its exponent "leads his graces to the grave and leaves the world no copy." His reputation has to be taken on trust by us who have not heard with our ears and so cannot test what our fathers have told us. Our mental attitude is therefore one of faith. We read what Hazlitt tells us of Mrs. Jordan's acting; we admire his periods, we believe what he says and we wish his opportunities of sight and hearing had been ours, and perhaps, incidentally, envy him his powers of expression. Listen: "Nature has formed her in her most prodigal humour; and when nature is in the humour to make a woman all that is delightful, she does it most effectually.

* "The Story of Dorothy Jordan." By Clare Jerrold. 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Dorothy Jordan
as Peggy in "The Country Girl."
After Romney. Engraved by J. Ogborne, 1786. From a print in the collection of Mr. A. M. Broadley.
From "Mrs. Jordan," by Clare Jerrold (Eveleigh Nash).

Mrs. Jordan was the same in all her characters, and inimitable in all of them, because there was no one else like her. Her face, her tones, her manners were irresistible. Her smile had the effect of sunshine, and her laugh did one good to hear it. Her voice was eloquence itself; it seemed as if her heart was always at her mouth. She was all gaiety, openness and good nature. She rioted in her fine animal spirits, and gave more pleasure than any other actress, because she had the greatest spirit of enjoyment in herself. Her Nell—but we will not tantalise ourselves or our readers."

When the foregoing was written in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*, October 22, 1815, Dorothy Jordan was living in exile in France, the discarded, impoverished mistress of a royal prince—the Duke of Clarence—with whom she had lived for twenty years and to whom she had borne ten children. The treatment meted out to her by the Duke fills one with unutterable disgust and indignation when all the circumstances of their connection are taken into consideration. The fact seems to be well established that during the time the couple kept house he accepted from her a very considerable portion of her earnings from the stage, thus justifying the following satire which was launched at the royal duke by Peter Pindar, Junior:

> "As Jordan's high and mighty squire
> Her play-house profit deigns to skim,
> Some folks audaciously inquire
> If he keeps her or she keeps him."

Mrs. Jerrold's book is of considerable interest and for the most part well written. There are, however, some lapses from literary grace. One resents such a quotation as "'Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!'—*Hamlet*," at the head of a chapter, in which reference is made to Dorothy's corpulency. Another phrase, which we felt sure would be met with sooner or later—"in that condition which a woman desires to be who loves her lord"—added to our wrath. One point has been at last settled, and that is, the exact date and the place of the birth of the actress—Nov. 22, 1761, in St. Martin's Parish. Other details of interest have been established, the ferreting out of which merit our praise and thanks. Altogether the work has been done in workmanlike fashion.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

"IRELAND'S ILIAD."*

The translation into English of the most elaborate version of the "Táin Bó Cúalnge" (now popularly pronounced "Taun Bo Cooley") will be eagerly read by the number of people who take an interest in the ancient literature of Ireland. There are a few defects in presentation which one may as well speak of in the beginning. In the first place, the price of the book is excessive. Professor Windisch has published a German translation of the same version, with an Old Irish text, voluminous notes, and an enormous introduction, at a price less than what is asked for the English translation with notes and a short introduction. It is a pity that Messrs. Nutt did not make the price uniform with that of the volumes in their Irish Texts series—ten-and-sixpence. Professor Windisch's text and translation must have been a great help to the present translator, and one is left under the impression that the debt is not warmly enough acknowledged. Again, Professor Dunn does not seem to be familiar with the recent research work of the Dublin scholars. He says of the oldest Manuscript, the *Leabhar na h-Uidhre*, or "The Book of the Dun Cow," "it must have been written about the beginning of the twelfth century, for its compiler and writer, Moelmuire MacCeilechair, is known to have been slain at Clonmacnois in the year 1106." Now, Mr. Best has shown (in an article in *Eiru* for February, 1913), that the *Leabhar na h-Uidhre* (known to Celtic scholars as "L.U.") is not the work of a single hand, and that many interpolations have been made into the main text. This is a fact that every scholar working on the Táin should take account of. The difficult question of the relation of the Táin Bó Cúalnge to Ireland as a whole, and to Irish history, is not discussed in Professor Dunn's too short preface, and this is disappointing. The Táin is fiercely provincial. It shows the four provinces of Ireland attacking the Ultonians, and it shows the Ultonians triumphing over them all. How did it come that this exclusive epic was preserved by princes who could claim no descent from Cuchulain, Concobar, nor the men of the Red Branch? It is purely pagan; the heroes swear by their local deities, and one of the gods stands by Cuchulain during one of the combats at the ford. Why, then, did the Christian schools transmit it? And there are more difficult and more interesting problems in connection with its relation to Irish history. The native historians have left us an account of an Ireland dominated for two thousand years by a people called the Milesians, from whom the ruling families in Ireland, down to the Elizabethan conquest, claimed descent. The centre of the Milesian power was Tara, where the High-King of Ireland reigned as a sort of mediæval German Emperor. The Táin does not mention the Milesians at all. Tara is spoken of, but the King of Tara appears as a vassal to Maeve, a queen in Connacht. Very revolutionary theories, which include the relation of this Ulidian epic to Irish history, have been advanced by Professor MacNeill, and it is a pity that they are not discussed in the introduction to this new translation.

Professor Dunn's is the first English translation of the elaborate version of the story as given in the Book of Leinster (this document is labelled "L.L." by the scholars). Of course the contents of the Táin has been made known already. Standish O'Grady, in "Cuchulain," and in "The Gates of the North," Lady Gregory in "Cuchulain of Muirthemne," and Mrs. Hutton in "The Táin," have given us paraphrases. Miss Eleanor Hull has edited a volume containing episodes as rendered by various scholars in "The Cuchulain Saga" (published in the Grimm Library), and Miss Winifred Faraday has made a translation, based upon the older and shorter versions of the *Leabhar na h-Uidhre* and "The Yellow Book of Lecan" ("Y.B.L."). Professor Dunn's version is not a paraphrase, and it translates the latest and the most expanded text. He has made the experiment of inserting passages from other versions, and the ordinary reader will feel that this experiment justifies itself. This translation makes an excellent narrative, and we are made to see that the reported shapelessness of the Táin has been greatly exaggerated—some of the outstanding passages, indeed, are obscured by redundancies and irrelevancies, but the story is clear, consistent, and consecutive. But although it has shape, the Táin Bó Cúalnge has not form in the sense that the Greek epics have form—it lacks the impress of a single mind, and it is this lack that prevents its being placed with the few great epics of the world. It is an epic in the making. But if it is not one of the grand epics, it is one of the grand stories of the world. The original is in prose, but verse often occurs in the course of the narrative. The verse is of two kinds—rhetorical passages of challenge, eulogy, or lamentation arising directly out of the narrative, and dramatic lyrics inserted into it. These last are, as scholars have assured us, brilliant and polished to the last degree. Professor Dunn's prose seems adequate, although one feels that passages such as this should have been made more harmonious:

> "As white as snow in one night fallen was the sheen of her skin and her body that shone outside of her dress. Slender and very white were her feet; rosy, even sharp-round nails she had; two sandals with golden buckles about them. Fair-yellow, long, golden hair she wore; two tresses were wound around her head; the other tress from behind threw a shadow down on her calves."

The translator has not attempted to give metrical versions of the dramatic lyrics, and this is a pity, for it is in these that the Irish poets showed their sense of form. (They had anticipated Poe in the notion that the long poem was

* "The Ancient Irish Epic Tale—Táin Bó Cúalnge." Translated into English out of the Irish of the Book of Leinster and Allied Manuscripts by Joseph Dunn, Professor at the Catholic University, Washington. 25s. (David Nutt.)

impossible, and that the short poems should be made brilliant). Cuchulain speaks verses over Ferdiad; the friend whom he was forced to slay in combat: And when we put beside the bald translation the metrical version made by the veteran Irish scholar, Dr. Sigerson, we see that the sweep of the verse, the clinch of the internal rhyme, the brilliancy of the form, give, more than the words themselves, the chivalry, the tenderness, the colour of the old Irish civilisation:

"Play was each, pleasure each,
Till Ferdiad faced the beach;
One had been our student life,
One is strife of school our place,
One our gentle teacher's grace
Loved o'er all and each.
* * *
Play was each, pleasure each,
Till Ferdiad faced the beach;
Dear that pillar of pure gold
Who fell cold beside the ford.
Hosts of heroes felt the sword
First in battle's preach.
* * *
Play was each, pleasure each,
Till Ferdiad faced the beach;
Loved Ferdiad, dear to me:
I shall dree his death for aye
Yesterday a Mountain he,—
But a Shade to-day."

PADRAIC COLUM.

NOTABLE WOMEN IN HISTORY.*

Mr. Abbot has contrived a kind of encyclopædia of feminism. *Femmes galantes*, blue-stockings, nurses, poetesses and saints, woo us through the grille of his pages to a devotion to the eternal feminine. He has written a series of short sketches of no fewer than seventy celebrated women, including characters as various as Aspasia and Florence Nightingale, Sarah Bernhardt, and Lady Jane Grey. One supposes that it was only the fact that he had to stop somewhere which made him restrict his list to seventy heroines. The result is interesting, if a trifle indigestible. Mr. Abbot divides his seraglio into compartments. Thus we have "A Group of Classic Dames," including Cleopatra and the Empress Theodora; "Queens and Martyrs," among whom are Anne Boleyn and Marie Antoinette; "Women of Wit and Pleasure," and "Women in Art and Letters." Mr. Abbot was evidently puzzled to find a category for Joan of Arc, so he includes her, together with Martha Washington and Dolly Madison, as "Women Who Stand Alone." The sketches are necessarily brief, but they give the main points in the life of each personage in a succinct and lively form. Some are better than others, and would expand into creditable essays. Certain of the sketches give the appearance of being detached from works of reference and coloured to taste. Altogether, "Notable Women in History" is a most extraordinary work, though the author seems in no way alarmed by the scope of his book, and gives us his impressions of his heroines with easy inconsequence. The volume is handsomely illustrated, and makes interesting if rather bewildering reading.

JAMES.†

In modern fiction there is something not altogether displeasing in the good fortune of others. "Joseph Vance," "Tono-Bungay," "The Card," and "The Fortunate Youth" have given us the career of the *arriviste* as conceived by Mr. De Morgan, Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Locke. The same theme is treated by Mr. W. Dane Bank in "James." Mr. James Bowden was born in circumstances of approved humility, and a strictly conventional ambition aided by a conventional lack of scruple led him by the conventional path of questionable commerce to a Darien peak in *la haute politique* and *la haute finance*.

* "Notable Women in History." By Willis J. Abbot. 16s. (Greening.)

† "James." By W. Dane Bank. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Dane Bank, or Dane-Shot Bank.

This is a little hamlet or congregation of farm, hat-factory and houses, on the border of Denton, four miles from Manchester. Denton is the Santon of the novel, "James." W. Dane Bank's great-grandfather lived at the farm and started a hat-factory whose chimney can be seen in the picture.

Without aptitude, amiability, or noticeable force of character, he got what he wanted by saying he wanted it; citadel after citadel responded to his mere spoken wish to be inside it. The most sceptical reader can hardly remain unconvinced by the author's repeated assurance that to his family, his friends and his business rivals the pertinacity of James was irresistible. His mother draws her ill-spared savings from the Post Office to send him to a boarding-school; Alice, his sister, is forbidden to walk out with a mere shaper and eventually married off to a once-rejected suitor of more than mature years, because James wishes to break up the Lancashire home and move to London; even Audrey, who loved him with exasperating submission, and financed the development of his quack hair restorer, "Superbo," is worn down by a matrimonial stalemate and forced in despair to break off their unfruitful engagement. When a group of Scotch Yorkshiremen and German Jews succeeds in finding him short over a rubber gamble, the resourceful James threatens to make wastepaper of all plantation-rubber shares by floating a giant synthetic-rubber company; when the inventor turns out to be a fraud, and James is once more at the mercy of the polyglot group, he paralyses activity by engaging himself to marry their leader's only daughter, on the safe assumption that even company promoters do not care to see their sons-in-law bankrupt. The chronology of the book is not irreproachable. Mr. Bank must not make James and Audrey drive in taxis in the chapter preceding that in which "The Belle of New York" takes "London by the throat and hand," even if he afterwards restores them to a cab. Nor must he leave us to take his characters for granted. Only in the war between plantation and synthetic rubber, and later in the securing of the Archbishop's licence, does James exhibit the qualities that make for success. Until then he has been self-centred, preoccupied and repellent; we believe in his inevitable advancement because Mr. Bank tells us we must. James is not the only character to be drawn from the outside, and the theme and its variants are derivative. The parent of "Superbo" was called "Tono-Bungay," the father of James—and a more sturdily convincing type—was known to his friends in the Five Towns as "Denry." Mr. Bank has unfortunately invited comparisons to which his book, good as it is, is scarcely equal. STEPHEN MCKENNA.

GARIBALDI E LE DONNE.*

So much has been written about Garibaldi and the *Risorgimento Italiano*, that a new book on the subject may seem superfluous. If, however, we examine these many books at closer quarters, we find that they only deal with that side of Garibaldi's life,

* "Garibaldi e le Donne." By Giacomo Emilio Curàtulo. 10 frs. (Rome: Imprimerie Polyglotte. Villa Umberto I.).

directly or indirectly connected with Italian politics. They contain little personal data which enables us to reconstruct the man as a whole, apart from the accretions due to legend or to hero worship. Until Professor Curàtulo decided to defy prejudice and traditional reserve, by publishing a selection of Garibaldi's more personal letters, the "Poema Autobiografico," also edited by him, and Abba's memoirs, were the only reliable sources of information.

In "Garibaldi e le Donne," one of the most remarkable books of its kind, published in Italy or elsewhere, the hero of the two worlds, appears in his true relation to history. Strange as it may seem to many, who object to the unveiling of a great man's private life, so far from losing anything by this method of criticism, his figure, untrammelled by sentimental rhetoric, gains in greatness and beauty. Those who feared for the divinity of their idol will find their doubts set at rest by the discovery that, like all gods, he had strong feet of clay, well set in the earth and capable of supporting him against the hostile onslaughts of all pettifogging critics.

The greater number of people have dimly heard, or taken for granted Garibaldi's personal magnetism, and the wave of enthusiasm which greeted every new heroic enterprise. Few have sought to study the psychological problems implied by these manifestations. Thus, until now, we have had a historical figure or an imaginary hero, but never a living man with the brain and heart of a human being.

Starting upon his essay in reconstruction and revaluation, with this conception of Garibaldi, Prof. Curàtulo, realised that, in order to produce a work which, besides being exhaustive and scientific, should also possess a historical value without sensationalism, it was necessary to find and strike home to the central core of his hero, and to study him in his influence and in his relations with those who came into deeper spiritual contact with him. Those were for the most part women. Accordingly, he chose those who either represent a type—produced by that age, those who called out certain traits in Garibaldi's character and general attitude toward woman, or, finally, those who moulded his life. To the first of these belong the "Garibaldine," infatuated and devoted followers and conspirators such as Contessa Martini della Torre, Adelaide Cairoli, Alba Camozzi, Tonina Marinelli, and hosts of others in whom he had awakened every degree of love and passion; to the last, Anita and Giuseppina Raimondi. In the chapters dealing with these two remarkable women, the author has been able to bring forward some very valuable historical material which has gone far to solve one of the most argued problems of Garibaldi's life, and cannot be dealt with here.

It is, however, in the correspondence with Harriet and Anne Duchesses of Sutherland, Mme. Esperance von Schwartz, Louise Colet, Mary Seely, Mrs. Emma Roberts, Mrs. Caroline Giffard Philipson, and Princess Ghika, that his simplicity and his greatness appear to the full coupled with that clearness of vision he applied to public and private matters. To quote from these letters would be to detract from their value. Suffice it to say, however, that in each one of them, whatever its length, there is some thought which lifts it above the purely personal level. The one great purpose of his life—not only the liberation but the unification and the creation of the new Italy—shines in his every word, and in its accomplishment he is the first perhaps among all conquerors to ask for the rightful co-operation of women. In the proclamation issued from Caprera on the 8th of May, 1861, he writes: "I have always believed woman to be the most perfect creature conceived by the mind of God." Nor did he ever lower or betray this ideal. Women were to him the truest spiritual helpmeets, and in all difficulties he turned to them as to those who were the educators of the new race, as to those who had the wider faith in the destiny of humanity. Reading some of the letters, still fresh and applicable to present-day conditions, we feel regret that history should have relegated Garibaldi to the tartarean regions of heroes and demigods, instead of realising him as a living influence. How much she owes to him Italy is just beginning to realise, not merely in a material but in a spiritual sense. Mazzini's "Duties of Man" and Garibaldi's simple creed—a naturalistic religion based upon the gospel, and without ritual or priests; in politics "a government created by the nation that seeks to make her prosper," and in social life the union of women and men for the removal of class distinctions and prejudice—these are ideals for all time.

ARUNDEL DEL RÉ.

"THE TALE OF LAL."*

Superficially considered, "The Tale of Lal" is as unlike Mr. Raymond Paton's fine first novel, "The Drummer of the Dawn," as any two books by the same author could be. And yet it is so obviously coined from the same mintage. It is instinct with the same magic, imbued with the same antic spirit of fantasy. The differences arise not from the handling of the theme, but from the very nature of the theme itself. "The Drummer of the Dawn" was limned in shadow; such shadows, horrific and grotesque, as are cast by the burning midday sun. "The Tale of Lal" is spun out of moonbeams and gossamer, star-shine and the glamour of a dream. As in a dream, bewitched, we feel the reality of unreal things, and are not in the least surprised at the most incredible happenings, so in this most wonderful and delightful tissue of whimsies our imagination is spell-bound, and our reason taken captive by the glorious unreason of it all.

The tale is mainly of two children, Ridgewell and Christine, who differ from most other children of fiction in that they are quite radiantly alive. I would say that they are just ordinary children, if children were ever ordinary. I would say they are like our own children, if it were possible for us ever to see our own children as they really are. Let me say, then, that they are like our small nephews and nieces, or the little boy and girl next door; as human, and mysterious, intriguing, amusing, and charming.

It is Ridgewell who discovers the secret of the Pleasant-Faced Lion—one of Landseer's lions in Trafalgar Square,—the "Lal" of the story, whose proper name is Lionel. We, like Ridgewell, had not known until now that this Pleasant-Faced Lion can not only talk—and talk most wisely, most wittily, most prophetically—but come down from his pedestal and roam about London in the small hours, following the tram-lines as far as Balham, with Ridgewell himself on his back. We had not known either that the Griffin had a grievance which he is prone to express vocally on the slightest provocation, or that King Charles the First and King Richard the First and Oliver Cromwell are in the habit of descending from their respective plinths at night, and renewing their old animosities. But we know this now, and our knowledge is of that blessed kind which defies even the cruel onslaughts of the years. We shall always know this; and, in future, whenever we pass through Trafalgar Square, we shall re-kindle the light of memory in the liquid flame of the sun-kissed fountains. And I think that for any author to have done even so much as this for us is something of an achievement.

But that is not all Mr. Paton has done. He has given us in "The Tale of Lal" a book of real enchantments. He has transmuted the very dross of life into purest gold. There is, interwoven with the airy fabric of this dainty fable, a darker, sterner patterning of realism. There appears in one chapter a tiny group of living types: a waif of the London streets, a man who is giving up the whole of his life to the attainment of that which is not worth living for, and other subsidiary characters all faithfully, compellingly presented.

It is the Pleasant-Faced Lion who guides and moulds the destinies of all these weak, hapless mortals. He acts

* "The Tale of Lal." By Raymond Paton. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

the part of Providence to them, sets their feet in the right path, with their faces turned toward the light, and redeems them from the misery and wickedness and folly of their poor fallen human nature. And withal he is a jolly beast, a creature of infinite jest, as sportive as a kitten, without the cruelty of a cat. Hitherto I have always felt that the lion was ridiculously out of place in our heraldries and emblazonries, but now I am quite reconciled to him. I know now why, variously tinted red, or black, or white, or blue, he so often holds out a friendly, hospitable paw to us from the portals of a cosy country inn.

Therefore, to all children of all ages, and to those of us, the salt of the earth, who are manly and womanly enough to remain children all our lives, I heartily, unreservedly commend "The Tale of Lal" as a book not merely to be bought and read and re-read, but cherished and loved.

EDWIN PUGH.

TWO POETS.*

The poems of Mr. Newman Howard have now been collected in one volume, uniform with the editions of Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Arnold, Tennyson, and T. E. Brown, by the same publishers. The form has, at least, this justification, that the work belongs to the past; whether to the future or not, no man knows; and in his introduction Mr. Howard ranges himself in purpose with "The Periclean Greeks, the Elizabethan English, and the Continental romanticists, whose traffic is with universals," as against the modern intellectuals, whom he sees as "a kind of Irreligious Tract Society, in whose novels, poems, or anecdotal stage homilies some one of the social honesties or fidelities is challenged or ridiculed, some shock or stab is dealt to those old chivalries, pieties or magnanimities wherein rest the sweetness and stability of life." Mr. Howard embalms these honesties, fidelities, chivalries, pieties, and magnanimities, in dramatic, lyric, and narrative verse, remarkable for its aspiring eloquence and elegant finish. If Tennyson's Idylls and plays had been his Bible, neither the style nor the heroic men and women in the four plays of "Kiartan the Icelander," "Savonarola," and "Constantine the Great," and "The Guanches," would have been very different. When the Icelander decides on a course, he says:

> "This course seems good,
> Like song and sunset: why we know not, but methinks,
> As by desires and tastes the senses speak,
> So does the soul declare itself alive
> By pity of friends and love of noble deeds."

A dying Teneriffe king in "The Guanches," describes the slave girl whom he loved as:

> "More swift, more sweet of song, than mountain water
> Poured from some pool where glistening branches wave,
> And flowers fling perfume . . ."

He loves noble deeds, great men like Hugo, Meredith, and William Morris, and flowers like the speedwell and violet. His love is here experienced in ceremonious sounding language. Among his lyrics are some vigorous rhymes about Ket the Tanner, in the stanza of "Bonnie Dundee":

> "Ho! Ket the tanner hath saddled his mare!
> Ye fat-fed gentlefolk, have ye a care!
> By barn and borough, by field and fen,
> Bob Ket the tanner goes gathering men."

These are probably his best work; these, or one of the lyrics which are scattered here and there in small type like the lyrics in "The Princess." I will quote one verse:

> "The roses all are overblown;
> Full yellow falls the rye;
> The long sweet summer days are flown:
> O love!—and I,
> Who loved thee ere the seed was sown,
> Or winter's tears were dry,
> For lack of thy dear love, am lone,
> And fain to die!"

* "Collected Poems." By Newman Howard. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

I should like to quote also the three verses of a dedication to Mr. Vernon Rendall, where he speaks of isolated unfashionable faith:

> "The city spreads, but not the citadel,—
> The firm, the brave, the fair fidelities."

If Mr. Howard had known the work of Mr. John Drinkwater among his younger contemporaries his introduction might have been to another tune than "The Last Rose of Summer." Mr. Drinkwater is one who loves life, as he says in his lines for the opening of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre:

> "Tragic or brave, free-witted, gentle, signed
> Of beauty's passion or the adventurous mind,
> Or light as orchard blossom."

He sees the English Puritans exactly as they saw themselves, and thus he sings of Cromwell after Naseby:

> "As once along the Gadarean steeps
> One crying up and down in torment ran
> Stricken of unclean spirits, and the Lord
> In mercy cast the devils to the sea—
> Nowise in hate, not using heavenly might
> For aught save pity—that this man should be
> First cleansed and so should nurture through his days
> An upright heart and pure, and build at last
> A new and blameless city in his soul,
> So now God worked through Cromwell in that day
> To purge the body of this English land
> Of hosts unholy, that thenceforth should rise
> A shining state, re-fashioned on the dust
> And ruin of a dead, dishonoured tale."

Whether he sings of the Civil War, or of walking among the hills with his friends, or of the old and the new drama, he shows himself a lucid, generous nature, commanding a perfectly appropriate exuberance of speech. He is at his best when he sets his aspiration to music in the Epilogue, when he says to the outworn, "We need you not," continuing:

> "But if you are immoderate men,
> Zealots of joy, the salt and sting
> And savour of life upon you—then
> We call you to our counselling.
>
> And we will hew the holy boughs
> To make us level rows of oars,
> And we will set our shining prows
> For strange and unadventured shores.
>
> Where the great tideways swiftliest run
> We will be stronger than the strong,
> And sack the cities of the sun,
> And spend our booty in a song."

Mr. Drinkwater has never done anything better or worthier of himself than the last verse. It sums up the energy, enthusiasm, and eagerness which his writing continually reveals.

EDWARD THOMAS.

* "Cromwell and Other Poems." By John Drinkwater. 5s. net. (Nutt.)

SOUTH AFRICA.*

This is the sixth volume of "The English People Overseas," all by the same author, and with it he closes the first part of the series. "They give the history of the founding of every English-speaking colony or possession throughout the world, from Virginia and Newfoundland under Elizabeth to Rhodesia and Nyasa under Victoria." The second part of the series is to deal more particularly with the development of the English type of civilisation out of England.

Every author has the right to lay down the lines of his own work and to adhere to them as he proceeds, but most readers will feel that Mr. Tilby would have been justified in departing from the rule applied to other British possessions when dealing with South Africa, for there the English people do not predominate, nor have they played the most important part in the settlement of that country. As it is, he has deviated somewhat from the general plan of the series, and to that extent has earned the reader's gratitude, for it will be readily admitted that the first

* "South Africa, 1486–1913." By Wyatt Tilby. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

"book" of the volume contains more history, in condensed form, than all the other three "books" that follow.

Despite the preface, and in defiance of the fact that this volume begins with "Book XXIII.," this is not a continuation of anything, but a separate and distinct narrative history of South Africa from the discovery of the Cape by Bartholomew Diaz to the beginning of the labour troubles of last year.

South Africa has made history in slow, erratic and expensive fashion, while historians, all except the devoted and indefatigable Dr. Theal, have written it sectionally, in more or less partisan phrase and self-circumscribed mood. This was inevitable, for, in a country so large and so wanting in lines of communication, those who put pen to paper naturally wrote of what came under their own observation and from their own point of view, Theal alone excepted.

At the present moment there are two writers before the public, both dealing with South African history in what may be termed its wider aspect. Professor George E. Cory has just published the second volume of his "Rise of South Africa," and two more volumes are promised to complete the work. Mr. Wyatt Tilby, in the volume under notice, compresses the story of 400 years of "that bad debt of the British Empire" into 632 pages. And, when he sticks to his story, he tells it well, only one cannot but wish that the process of compression had been less pronounced at the beginning and more drastic at the end. But as it is he pursues the plan of the series, because not until the last hundred years or so had "English people" much to do with the making of that country's history.

More than half the book is taken up with the well-worn themes of Kruger and the Transvaal, Rhodes and Rhodesia, and the Union of South Africa. The story of the late war is re-told, and all the sordid intrigues of the last half century recapitulated. Even the struggle for financial supremacy between Rhodes and Barnato is given generous space. These subjects may interest the rising generation, but those who have kept in touch with contemporary history in the making have had more than enough of them. This is probably as it should be, for the historian must look for his best appreciators among those of a later generation than that of which he writes. By the same law the present-day reader will be most interested in the beginning of things at the Cape and along the east coast of this vast country, and of these Mr. Tilby gives the merest outline.

The attempt of the English East India Company to found the first English Colony at the Cape is interesting reading. Ten notorious criminals who had been sentenced to death at the Old Bailey were respited on the solicitations of the Company's representatives, and banished to the Cape as a means of bringing them to God, by giving them time to repent and crave pardon for their sins. In due time they arrived at Table Bay, but there they did not improve, and ultimately some of them returned to England and to the gallows, unreformed and unrepentant. So ended the first British Settlement, and if South Africa be "the grave of reputations," evidently only those of good repute find it so.

Mr. Tilby is best in narrative style. Unfortunately he will be reflective, and such commonplace sentiments as "All men are imperfect in an imperfect world" (page 75) are unpardonable. But I like him least when he deals with literature. Liebrandt and Theal are classed as "historical writers of the second rank," Pringle is dismissed as a maker of second-rate verses which were mistaken for true poetry, and no name is found worthy of notice where Edmond Garrett and others, his worthy contemporaries, gave of their best.

Mr. Wyatt simply does not know South African literature, and shows he could not appreciate it if he knew it. Here is a description of the poetry of that country for which he will not readily be forgiven:

"An occasional platitude of morality perpetrated in pedestrian verse, thoughts on immortality obviously destined to speedy death, cries to the infinite too feeble to raise even a finite echo; attempts at self-revelation that revealed nothing but poverty of poetic equipment; sonnets the world has willingly let die; longer poems in which nothing was lacking save inspiration: these are the bulk of South African poetry."

Perhaps the best comment on the foregoing is to be found in a footnote on the page containing the passage quoted, by which Mr. Tilby goes out of his way to give a cheap advertisement to his "old friend" whom he mentions by name as the writer of "by far the best South African verse I have read!" This expresses at once the writer's limitations, and his bias.

WILLIAM BLANE.

MR. HENRY HOLIDAY'S REMINISCENCES.*

Mr. Henry Holiday has had a longer life than most men, and it has certainly been a very full and very successful life. Successful not merely in the arts to which it was most specially devoted, but in the great art of living well and happily among his friends and fellows. Seventy-four years is a long space of time, and Mr. Holiday has used every day of it. Born in 1839, he entered the Royal Academy Schools in 1854, the youngest pupil there, and at twenty-three was already attracting favourable notice as a painter. Soon his attention was turned to stained glass, for Messrs. Powell asked him to take up the work Burne Jones had been carrying out for them, and to design all their cartoons. The result was that Mr. Holiday threw himself into the work by which he is now best known, for his beautiful windows are to be seen throughout the length and breadth of England, and in America he has even more than at home.

These reminiscences are most delightful reading; they express Mr. Holiday very completely and give a most interesting record of an interesting life. He counted among his friends most of the most prominent people of the latter half of the nineteenth century, and these pass through the pages—sometimes we have only a glimpse, a reference, an anecdote, sometimes a quite satisfying account of someone who in his day was a household word, and in ours is still a great memory. We see a good deal of Mr. Gladstone, in his habit as he lived; we hear of Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Wagner, Simeon Solomon, Richter, Mr. de Morgan, Walter Pater, almost everyone of note in the worlds of painting, of sculpture, of music, of letters, and of politics. Mr. Holiday has taken a keen interest in affairs, less from any standpoint of party than from a wholehearted and independent love of justice and fair doing. He became an ardent disciple and a personal friend of Edward Bellamy, and he is intensely interested in every attempt to understand and to change for the better the social organisation under which we live.

Such a book as Mr. Holiday's offers very great temptations to quote from it largely. There are so many anecdotes of people, so many of places, of doings, so much that is interesting as mere narrative or as comment that the reviewer would gladly share with his readers. Here is a pretty tale of Rossetti:

"Rossetti dined one evening with friends, who followed his lead in the matter of china to such good purpose that the whole dinner was served in beautiful specimens and, for the better display of these, was set out on the table. The salmon was served in a noble dish, evidently a precious example. When the cover was removed Rossetti started, leaned over to examine the dish, took it in both hands, turned it upside down to see the marks on the back, leaving the salmon on the tablecloth, and exclaimed, 'The very dish I was going to get to-morrow!'"

Journeys to Greece, to India, to Egypt afford very pleasant chapters. Egypt has inspired Mr. Holiday with a fine theme in his story of Joseph, a series of pictures upon which he is now working, four of which, reproduced in colours, appear among the illustrations in Mr. Heinemann's handsome volume. Throughout his book Mr. Holiday displays a keen and cordial sense of humour, the widest tolerance, and the utmost catholicity of taste.

* "Reminiscences of My Life." By Henry Holiday. 16s. net. (Heinemann.)

But he can be very severe upon occasion, and the three pages in which he deals faithfully with "Post-Impressionism," are by no means ambiguous in their judgment. He has given us, as well as his splendid achievements in painting and decorative art, a real achievement in one of the most difficult paths of letters, that of autobiography. And we avow our gratitude.

F. M. A.

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER TOO.*

Other publishers have occasionally ventured into authorship, as if to show how easy it is to enter "the blood-stained gates of this Inferno," as Robert Buchanan once wrote in his bitter, prejudiced days of disillusionment, but none has ever written so seriously or systematically as Dr. Putnam, who has just celebrated his seventieth birthday by publishing the first instalment of his autobiography. "I am like the hero of Kipling's 'Barrack-Room Ballad,'" he laughingly said to the writer the other day, "... 'a kind of a giddy harumfrodite,' author and publisher too." And it would fill columns to give a list of his books and miscellaneous writings since he produced his scholarly study of "Authors and their Public in Ancient Times," more than twenty years ago. Knowing both sides so thoroughly, he has threatened to crown his literary record with a book on "The Crimes of Authors,"—a work which will cause much searching of heart in certain circles if ever he sets forth all that he knows on the subject from the publisher's point of view. To the bookman this would probably make a more entertaining volume than the present instalment of Dr. Putnam's autobiography, which shows him for the most part neither as an author nor as a publisher, but first as a student in the cosmopolitan days of his youth, and afterwards as a soldier on the Northern side in the Civil War.

His father was what is known as a Maine-Massachusetts man, and Dr. Putnam himself, having been born in London, thus claims to belong to two States and one Empire. He is an Englishman by birth, because his parents happened at the time to be living in London, where George Palmer Putnam, the founder of the firm, was establishing an English branch of his publishing house—the first American to return the compliment which English publishers had for generations paid to the United States by opening offices in New York. To George Palmer Putnam, and his son and successor, English writers owe a heavy debt for their persistent and disinterested efforts on behalf of international copyright in what is now probably the most tempting market in the world for the popular author. The Putnams' fight for fair trade, however, finds no place in the present volume, though occasional glimpses are furnished of the Anglo-American literary atmosphere in which the author was reared. He tells us, too, how he has seen London grow, like New York, into a statelier city than it was in the days of his youth; how he not only watched the Thames Embankment rise out of its mud, but also helped to pay for it in the shape of taxes. Some vivid impressions are given of his early home life on his parents' return to the States, while his father was struggling to build up his international publishing house with a partner who had no faith in the scheme, and undermined the business by financial mismanagement. He remembers visiting Sunnyside in the last days of Washington Irving, who had stood by his publisher in the grave crisis of his business affairs with a loyalty which deserves all the present tributes on the part of that publisher's son to the author's gentle and winning personality.

Young Putnam did not enter his father's business before reaching his majority, though it was obviously a struggle on the publisher's part to pay his way at times, with the increasing needs of a growing family, and amid some of the most critical years in the history of the States. During the business troubles of '57, George Haven Putnam helped

Dr. George Haven Putnam.

to pay for his own education by acting as an assistant-teacher, and when he was fourteen was earning in this way a salary at the rate of 200 dollars a year. In addition, he cultivated part of his father's land so successfully that in two years he cleared the sum of 300 dollars, which subsequently helped towards his first student terms at Göttingen. This was after spending a couple of years at Columbia College, New York, when he was sent abroad, partly to complete his education, but more particularly to consult European specialists for his eyesight, which has always been restricted. His shrewd comparisons of New York, London, Paris, Berlin, and other continental cities and customs, are written in the true spirit of the candid American friend, who loves the old country too well ever to spoil it by flattery.

The second half of the work is devoted to his adventures in the Civil War, in which he took part from his eighteenth year, first in the ranks, and afterwards as an officer, of the 176th New York Volunteers, until shortly after his twenty-first birthday, which he celebrated by serving under General Sherman at the surrender of the last army of the Confederacy. His disabled writing arm still bears eloquent testimony to his war service. For the same reason he has been dependent upon the assistance of others in the preparation of the present book, as well as of his earlier works, a fact which, when one remembers his heavy duties and responsibilities, renders his long list of literary achievements nothing short of remarkable.

FRANK A. MUMBY.

* "Memories of My Youth, 1844–1865." By George Haven Putnam, Litt.D., late Brevet-Major 176th N.Y.S. Volunteers. 7s. 6d. net. (Putnam's Sons.)

THE NETHER WORLD*

The great quality of "The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists" is that it is not a fake. It is quite unmistakably the genuine thing. Of course every book, whatever its methods, style, atmosphere or area, ought to be that. But thanks to the over-production of books and to the capacity of the public to be diverted from philandering with books to irrelevant and often trivial political crises, and thanks to many other causes it would be tedious to recapitulate, the spurious book has obtained an alarming advantage over the vital, the actual, the genuine book. And so, when the real thing forces its unveiled head above the mob of its masquerading brethren, one has to italicise the fact. Well, the late Robert Tressall's book is the authentic human document, which, in a year's fiction, appears two or three times. It has practically nothing in the way of a plot. It is merely a collection of incidents united, not consciously but integrally—that is to say dovetailing into the central scheme and purpose of the book rather than into each other. Neither is the style particularly distinguished. It is on the one side too abrupt, and on the other too redundant, too diffuse, to give an equilibrium and appropriate content to the author's imagination. And the book as a whole is inclined to be monotonous, to be pitched too consecutively upon the same key. Ample as is the canvas, it lacks that sense

* "The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists." By Robert Tressall. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

of proportion, which by defining the amplitude and setting it in perspective, would make it much more effective. But when all is said and done, these blemishes are merely the promontories and excrescences of a piece of work too powerful, too impregnated with personality, to be seriously affected by them. For there are two qualities by which Robert Tressall dragged his chariot-out of the deep ruts of the average—personality and philosophy, a principle, a conscious attitude to life. No work of art worth the name can do without them, but the potency and driving-force of these two factors are the very life-breath of "The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists." The story is briefly as follows. Owen is a builder's labourer in the firm of Rushton and Company. He is always in and out of work, and constantly face to face with the spectre of starvation for himself, his wife, and his child. And the consciousness of his wrongs and oppression at the hands of a privileged class, in which all the perquisites that make life worth living are vested, inspires him with a bitter hatred and a passionate desire to endow his fellow-workers with that sense of fellowship and indignation which, by sweeping away the whole system, will reinstate the dispossessed into the heritage which has been stolen from them. I am afraid that this bald summary may create the impression that the book is simply a Socialist tract, a flagrant instance, that is to say, of the appropriation of a specific form of literary activity for the purposes of propaganda. That would be grossly unfair to the author and his work, which is not a treatise, but a pungent, intimate, searing and profoundly realistic study of the lives, the environment, the opinions and outlook of the working-classes. The book does not step beyond the building trade, of which Tressall obviously possessed a meticulous knowledge, but the portrait of the builders is the portrait in miniature of the English working-classes. And the last thing in the world that Tressall did was to idealise them. The book is in fact a fierce, almost a savage attack upon their apathy, their shoddiness, their servility, their hopeless inadequacy to emancipate themselves from their wretched conditions, their willingness to perpetuate a system which degrades their class as a whole to the level of beasts of burden. And with what extraordinary insight and power of presenting and individualising his characters he does it! He simply lets them speak for themselves, as, at the dinner hour, they discuss politics, unemployment and poverty. There is no extenuation, no compromise, no romancing. These men are not abstractions or personifications of their creator's ideals or antipathies. They are the living human material of to-day, so debased by the squalor, futility, waste and despair of their lives, that they will ridicule any effort to make new and finer ones.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

THE MODERN NOTE.*

We are all so ultra modern to-day that we are apt to under-value the past. Those of us who are novelists dare not write of the periods before a recent yesterday, because it is believed that readers who wear lancer plumes are chilled rather than thrilled by the historical story. Here, for instance, are seven new books—and only one novel in this batch is fragrant with the spirit of vanished yesterdays. Six are all more or less rooted in the extraordinary present, and yet linked to all ages by woman, who touches into life the dry bones of all the centuries, and by man, who is generally hooked and eyed to the present year of grace by bread-and-butter considerations.

* "Sylvia." By Upton Sinclair. 6s. (John Long.)—"Transition." By Lucy Re-Bartlett. 6s. (Longmans.)—"Barbara and Company." By W. E. Norris. 6s. (Constable.)—"Bread and Butterflies." By Dion Clayton Calthorp. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—"Cloudesley Tempest." By W. E. H. Lacon Watson. 6s. (John Murray.)—"The Mercy of the Lord." By Flora A. Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)—"Love the Harper." By Eleanor C. Hayden. 6s. (Smith, Elder.).

In approaching these books, let us take those two facts of modern life—Love and Female Suffrage—and see how they deal with them. The heart of the male novel reader is wooed and won by the altogether delightful "Sylvia" who lives in Mr. Upton Sinclair's novel of that name. She is the idol of a proud Southern family, and moves in a slightly historical atmosphere which is refreshing. One seems to hear niggers holding a camp meeting in the background. Why, one is tempted to ask, in the case of such a winning girl as Sylvia Castleman, does one presume that she will not marry her obvious mate? Such happy consummations are always suspect. Mr. Upton Sinclair's reading of life here is a comment on Shakespeare's well-known dictum about the course of true love. Frankness and common sense could have resolved the lovers' difficulties—but then, what would happen to half our stories if novelists believed more frequently in the beneficent possibilities of existence? Every subordinate character in the novel makes a facet to flash in the fascinating character of Sylvia, one of the most bewitching American girls in fiction.

Wider meanings must be given to both the ideas of my twofold category in considering "Transition" by Mrs. Lucy Re-Bartlett, which unfolds the psychology of the women's movement with commanding sincerity. Maimie Elder, a little militant Suffragette, and Hugh Pelham, a barrister, repay the close attention which the story of their development demands from the reader. Margaret, the heroine's sister, and her husband almost live, but the cultured group of earnest Italian women, and the Modernist priest, concerned in the movement of the slender plot, are ideas rather than living people. You may get the keynote from this assertion, "There are very few people who are able to love greatly at all—very few to whom any love is a matter of life and death." The lovers achieve a true union only through a baptism of pain—the alchemy which still works miracles—and disasters. There is no grip in the story, but its ideas are a valuable exposition of what is moving in the minds and hearts of some of our best women.

With a lighter touch Mr. W. E. Norris brings us to the Suffrage Movement, and much else that is pleasant in "Barbara and Company." Barbara is a congenial companion, and lives with her equally interesting half-nephew, a widower, whose grandfather married a second time late in life. Their hobby is the pairing off of the right couples—a habit leading to a romantic series of deftly-told episodes. Cupid's wings flutter in them all. In "Champions of the Fair" a shaft from the Naughty Boy's quiver is guided to the breast of one Harriet Cunningham—"ready to be arrested and locked up, and forcibly fed and everything else in the sacred cause." The dart finds its billet just because Lampson has a "scrap" with a policeman at a demonstration in Downing Street, where she is waving a flag, and doing other things. Barbara is there too—and Barbara gives zest to every incident in this companionable book. "Bread and Butterflies," by Mr. Dion Clayton Calthorp falls into no convenient category. Its atmosphere is as timeless as the dawn—and in some places as modern as our half-contemptuous toleration of the "Nut." It is a book to be enjoyed rather than criticised, though I know there are some unfortunate people who could turn its pages and close them unreluctantly, muttering "Tosh!" Their way is through life's financial columns—perhaps leading to Park Lane—a magnificent house, and an empty heart. Lovers of children—those who wish to wander in the land of faery—are invited to take Mr. Calthorp as their guide, and some of the glamour of all centuries will be theirs. There is much else of value in the book besides modern fantasy and fairy story—objective excursions into London and French life. The impression or study entitled "Lie-a-bed" will stir the fount of tears and gratitude in those who have watched a loved human being win all the world by losing it daily on a bed of pain. Listen and learn, if you do not know what is due to the "lie-a-beds"—"I see you, my dear, by windows looking bravely out on the

street's monstrous comedy, and I see you in the street on your long bed-chair, unmoved in the world of passers-by; I have often wanted to salute you as I pass, just as one salutes all great things, by way of homage."

Almost as real, only in another way, is the world revealed by Mr. W. E. Lacon Watson in "Cloudesley Tempest." This is a story of the financial world, which opens rather slowly. A healthy feeling for romance is stirred when impetuous "Clouds," conveyed by a fine initiative, follows Pat Mainwaring, and woos and wins her on shipboard, against her father's wishes. Mrs. Lassenden, her friend, and Gascoigne, the stockbroker, and Elsie, the tea-shop girl, are real people, but it requires a constructive effort of the imagination to accept Gregory, the villainous clerk who supplies most of the complication of the plot-interest. I need hardly say that the glamour and mystery of India inform most of the stories in Mrs. Steel's book, "The Mercy of the Lord." It takes you far from Downing Street Suffrage demonstrations, but not from love. Every story has distinction, and this author once more proves how unerringly she can reveal the soul of the people. It is well to be reminded—as Mrs. Steel reminds us—of the dangers, as well as the fascinations, of the men who are in charge of the outposts of Empire. The emergence of the Indian thread of mystery and dread into the life of a Welsh countryside is vividly depicted in "The Wisdom of our Lord Ganesh," wherein an elephant is shown as a character worth remembering. "Slave of the Court" is also a captivating story, visualising the tradition of immemorial service and devotion. This is but a statement of preferences; the book will be largely read by Mrs. Steel's admirers. "Love the Harper," by Eleanor C. Hayden, is a well planned story of commonplace pattern. It does not lack movement or variety of interest, but its perusal left me unmoved. If the other characters had some of Ruth Day's intense life, the story might have gained in vitality. One of the happy touches in the book is, however, worth recording—some homely wisdom from a rustic—"When arraone is happy to their marrow-bones, all the 'musement they wants is just a worry now an' agen to let 'em know how happy they be."

WILKINSON SHERREN.

THE MIND OF THE CHILD.*

This charming little book, with its name which one envies Mrs. Sidney Webb—could anything be more deliciously tender than "The Littlest One"?—is a fresh and sincere addition to the literature of the child. Since Stevenson wrote the "Child's Garden" he has had many imitators. Never was a flower so easy to grow once one had got the seed. To be sure many who could imitate marvellously well Stevenson's manner had not got his matter. He looked into his heart and wrote of the child he knew best—himself. And it is not easy to be fictitious about the child successfully. The best results are obtainable, to quote the newspapers, from the study of a real child, and perhaps the nearer one gets to the child the more realisitic is the study. Much-loved children—which is not to say spoilt children—like much-loved dogs, develop characteristics beyond the children about whom no one cares much. In Mrs. Webb's book we have a dearly-loved child and a tender mother. Every little poem shows a "way" of the child, and the attitude of a mother who looks at the child with eyes of tears and laughter. Here is a tender bit. The "Littlest One" is always his own biographer:

"When I was naughty and sent up to bed
And would not go up, I was growing, I said,
Too *big* to be sent. Mother just shook her head.
It's curious she didn't believe that I was,
And didn't do like what I thought she would—'cos
She sent me upstairs to bed.

When I was naughty an' sent up to bed,
And somehow I cried on the stairs an' I said
I was only jus' *little*. Then Mother instead
Came suddenly to me with arms open wide;
Her eyes were all shiny. 'Jus' little,' she cried,
An' carried me down from bed."

That is the authentic experience of the child and the authentic record of the mother, and it goes straight home to the heart which has the happiness to feel the exquisiteness of the child.

The little Blue Boy, "The Littlest One" whom Miss Tarrant pictures nearly always exquisitely—he becomes conventional in "the bigly hole" picture—has his moods and his experiences. The child's Wonder World is large, and the great thing about it is that, as Stevenson has revealed to us, it can be unrolled on the very smallest stage. The nursery may be too big for it, the window overlooking the street, the counterpane—it may be restricted to the child's closed eyes as he lies in bed—but it is a great Wonder World all the same. The Littlest One does not fail of adventure; he provides it for himself. The stories he has to tell are sometimes thrilling, sometimes merely episodes of every day; often they point the moral and adorn the tale of Jane the nurse, who cannot be expected to see things from Boy Blue's side of them. "The Nugly Little Man," "The Creaking Stairs," "The Lady Who Doesn't Come In" belong to the middle world, which is something of a delightful terror to the child who knows that he can count on being snatched to a tender breast if the terror should become too much. Such a child I have known to play hide-and-seek with the bodiless head which a wicked nursemaid had placed beyond the bed-curtains for the child who would not sleep.

Little Boy Blue has his observations and his records of older people and their doings. Here is a pretty one of the mother of the "Littlest":

"When Mother is worried, or tired, or sad,
She slips away and down the garden
Into a place of cool green trees,
Where always, she says, there's a tiny breeze
Whisperin' up in the tree-tops.
And always it makes her quiet and glad,
An' she sits an' thinks an' feels she's somewhere
Out of the world an' lookin' on,
Watchin' the things that are passin' and gone.

And she says she can see such a lot *doesn't matter*,
So she leaves all her worries there under a tree;
And the things that do matter she puts in her heart
An' comes back to the world an' to Daddy an' Me."

One imagines of the Littlest One that he is the Only as well as the Littlest One. He has cousins, but no brothers and sisters, and he is the one infinitely precious thing to a young father and mother. He is a very winsome thing in Mrs. Webb's verse and Miss Tarrant's pictures, and a very actual and living personality, more akin to Eugene Field's modern child than to the child that once was of "The Child's Garden." Which is only to say that the Littlest One is of his period and has an independence of thought and action and a free way of looking at life which bring him quite up to date. As for the heart that keeps his ways and records them, why, such mother-hearts are for ever industriously gathering honey.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

* "The Littlest One." By Marion St. John Adcock (Mrs. Sidney Webb). Illustrated by Margaret Tarrant. 2s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE THEATRE.*

It will always remain a wonder to the thinking man that so much of the current literature about the drama and the stage is lifeless and insipid compared with its opportunities. This view does no injustice to the capacity of some of our critics, or the variety of their attitudes, from the Helleno-Gallic flippancy of Mr. Walkley to the curry-flavoured diatribes of Mr. Palmer in the *Saturday Review*. What we mean is that the men who find fault with the theatre of the day and express it in such intolerant and contemptuous terms, set no sort of example to the

* "Dramatic Actualities." By W. L. George. 2s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

playwrights by any freshness in their presentment of the case for the prosecution. They air their metaphysic cleverness, they trim off the plot with summary exactness, and they label the chief performers with separate epithets more or less apt. But they usually proclaim the play dull in a prose which is simply lifeless. There is no other word for it. It is pot-and-kettle abuse of the most culinary order.

There is nothing of this want of vitality in Mr. W. L. George. He illuminates with ease the subject of the drama and its defects, because to him the thing is alive in all its scope and shortcomings. Where he wants to set a certain play or author before us, he does it in a word, as when he convicts Mr. Shaw of "a plethoric vocabulary," dubs Mr. Garnett's work "petrified pessimism," and implies that "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is a morality for lodgers. He indicts the play-of-ideas on ten counts—shadowy plot, absence of climax, "hypertrophy of the atmosphere, sentiment (sometimes), garrulousness, the exaggerated type, inveterate gloom (sometimes optimism), obscurity, length, and shapeless purpose"; and he succeeds in carrying most of these crimes home to the minds of the jury. He calls the public a Sleeping Beauty who is all reward for the lucky playwright that awakens her, but never stirs her finger to point him a way to success; and he convicts the typical modern play of being "a debauch where paradox, antithesis, and homily run riot."

Part of the interest of these vivacious and stimulating essays is that they are as vigorous in their mistakes as in their happy wits. They make effective use of allusion to the Greek tragedies, and show an exceptional range of familiarity with the plays of to-day, native as well as foreign, but they are weak on English literature of the day before yesterday. They misquote Addison where they father one of Mr. Spectator's judicial deliverances on Sir Roger de Coverley, and they do an injustice to "She Stoops to Conquer" by describing it as a love story and a subterfuge, instead of an elaborate practical joke, and therefore all the better comedy. Again, we fail to side against the plays of Oscar Wilde because they do not "justify the shedding of a stage tear," the very quality we should have judged to be among their merits. We decline to regard a play as religious because it treats sacred themes with "reverence," for this may be as often as not a casual trick of rhetoric or stage management or very little more. We deny that the *bourgeoisie* (horrid term) is a judge of form when it not infrequently makes a triumphant success of plays which are merely settings for oddities in character, or little else; and we think the distinction worth drawing between the popularity of realism on the stage and the popular exclusion of mere sinister realities which have no serviceable place upon the boards. With these and other limitations, Mr. George's book may be heartily recommended as a guide to the rational and tolerant consideration of the modern play. It rescues us from the ruts of a commercialised criticism, and it should help our playwrights to remember that there is an honourable goal of merit beyond the box-office and the gallery.

THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER.

Whether one agrees with Mr. Frankfort Moore's views or not, it must be conceded that he has at least earned the right, if not suffered martyrdom to obtain it, of recording his opinions of the people of North-East Ulster.[1]

Mr. Moore is a Southerner, born in Limerick, but at an early age he migrated to Belfast, and subsequently became a journalist on a Conservative paper. He practised that honourable profession until some twenty years ago, when as a novelist he left Belfast for London, and since that time he has not lived in Ulster. This fact has advantages as well as disadvantages. Looked at through the vista of years, things often assume a more true proportion than when the mind may be influenced and the judgment warped by something disagreeable or by uncongenial surroundings.

The disadvantages are more obvious. If you are writing of to-day, it is not always safe to rely upon your experiences of twenty years ago, however chastened by time and reflection, especially in a country like Ireland, where even a resident is bewildered often by the kaleidoscopic changes that occur from day to day.

But that there are certain social conditions and political aspects in Ulster which, if not unchangeable, are at least slow to change may be freely conceded. Since Ulster ceased to be opposed even to the point of open rebellion, against the Union, a fact which Mr. Moore seems to ignore, she became more and more isolated from the rest of Ireland. Mr. Moore supplies some sort of key, and it fits the lock pretty well:

> "During all the years of my association with Ulstermen, I never met but one who possessed any of the characteristics of the truly typical Irishman, as he is known all over the world and to some extent still in Ireland. . . . This exceptional person was the late Colonel Saunderson. That is where the tragedy of Ulster comes in just now. The Ulsterman has failed to assimilate himself to the Irishman. If he goes south or west he feels himself as much an alien as his ancestors must have felt themselves on arriving in Ulster. But when he goes to Scotland or to the North of England, he has no impression of being among strangers."

This is as it may be, but when Mr. Moore writes "They have never had anything in common with the Irish, and even when suffering from the same injustice at the hands of the English Government, they always rejected the overtures of the Irish to unite with them in resisting the tyranny," he is forgotting his history. Has Mr. Moore never heard of the Protestant United Irishmen? Moreover, at the present moment at least two seats in North-East Ulster are held by Nationalists, who owe their seats to the Protestant voters, "who are suffering from the same injustice at the hands of the English Government" as their Roman Catholic fellow-workers.

> "The Ulsterman is not a great reader to-day," says Mr. Moore, "except, perhaps, of political speeches. Belfast has a population of close upon 400,000, and it has had an University College for over sixty years, and yet for the twenty-five years that I knew it there was not a bookseller's shop in the wholy city."

Well, I remember visiting the house of a well-known novelist, whose name is familiar to Mr. Moore, who boasted to me that he hadn't a single book in the house, though he had many other things, such as glass and furniture. Whether bookshops flourish or do not flourish in Belfast since Mr. Moore left it—and literary men are notoriously bad buyers of books—there is, I think, no question of the future of Belfast University, any more than there was of the success of the Queen's College students, as Cambridge University, at least, can testify.

On such particular points Mr. Moore is handicapped by his long absence from the sphere of his inspiration. He is more interesting when he deals with generalities. If you get to the end of Mr. Moore's book you will learn, or be asked to believe, that the Southern parts are semi-barbarous:

> "Hospitality to strangers is the paramount virtue of the most barbarous races, and the Ulsterman regards his province as the most civilized in Ireland. . . . A visitor to Dublin will receive more invitations in a week than a visitor to Belfast will in a year. The first act of a Dubliner whom you meet is to insist on your dining with him. This is the last act of a Belfast man, and then he does not insist."

Dr. Johnson said that the Irish were a fair people, and according to his dictum Mr. Moore is a fair critic, for if he lashes the North with whips, he lashes the South with scorpions, not even excepting his own native Limerick. He appears to accept the favourite belief of the illiterate Ulsterman that no man possesses a five-pound note south of the Boyne, but if he had lived in Belfast within the last ten or fifteen years, or indeed in any town in Ireland, he would have ascertained that at least two of the principal Northern banking companies do most of their business and earn most of their dividends south of the Boyne, and if their directors and shareholders are silent, it is not

[1] "The Truth about Ulster." By F. Frankfort Moore. 7s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

because they view with equanimity their isolation from their best customers.

Mr. Moore's Ulster novel, "The Ulsterman,"[1] is much less interesting than his more serious effort, and is disappointing to one who has read and enjoyed so many of the author's bright and light-hearted stories. A coat of motley suits Mr. Moore better than the Geneva gown. But the atmosphere of lower middle-class life in Ulster, created—let us speak the truth—without sympathy, is painful, sad, and depressing. One feels that Mr. Moore hates all his puppets, and when one was developing some sort of interest in the dishonest Ulsterman's daughter, Helen, and her love affair, one is choked off by her vulgarity. The result is a feeling that the story is not really a story, but a tract disguised as one.

One turns with a sense of relief from Mr. Moore's pessimism and hopelessness to Mrs. Croker's new novel of Ireland.[2] And though it may be called conventional, it has more of the root of the matter in it than either of Mr. Moore's books. And the foreign reader will get a better insight into Irish character and conditions of life from it than from a hundred books written with the serious intention of elucidating the Irish problem. You will not find in it such sharp contrasts as Mr. Moore endeavours to depict, but you will find plenty of trouble and sorrows cheerfully borne, and gaiety, and light-heartedness, and good fellowship, and hope, not despair, at the end.

Everyone who has read, and those who haven't, Mr. Moore's pessimistic volumes, should read as an antidote Mrs. Croker's new novel "Lismoyle." More power to your elbow, Mrs. Croker, and may you give us many another Rhoda and Madame Conroy.

H. A. HINKSON.

SIMPLICITY AND SOPHISTICATION.

In its quiet and unsensational way, Mr. Robert Frost's "North of Boston"[3] is the most challenging book of verse that has been published for some time. To the unsophisticated reader it may seem to be an unsophisticated production, the work of a naïve and ingenuous mind. Even the innocent reviewer may be beguiled by Mr. Frost's apparent simplicity into forgetting the reviewer's own pet tag about the art which conceals art, mistaking Mr. Frost's assured art for artlessness. Yet, of the four poets now under consideration, Mr. Frost is certainly the most sophisticated. Mr. Bouch[4] and Mr. Abbott[5] have just sufficient sophistication to write pleasant, derivative verse; and even Mr. Fairfax,[6] who has more accomplishment than either, and whose work seldom lacks a scholarly distinction, is not sophisticated enough to conceal his sophistication. He has merely the sophistication of the connoisseur, while Mr. Frost has the sophistication of the artist. Mr. Fairfax has collected poetical phrases in the library; but Mr. Frost has turned the living speech of men and women into poetry. Mr. Fairfax's comparative artlessness is betrayed by his use of artifice, while Mr. Frost's art is revealed by his avoidance of all merely poetical tricks.

> "Crimson, silver, and vair,
> Over the edge of the earth,
> Shifting, shining and rare
> Comes Beauty to birth.
>
> Green is her mantle afloat,
> White the star in her hair,
> The rose red at her throat,
> Crimson, silver and vair."

Thus sings Mr. Fairfax of "Spring," and thus, doubtless, Mr. Frost could sing, if he chose; but I cannot imagine him using words so loosely as to leave even a suspicion in the reader's mind that the poet thought that "vair" was the name of a colour, and that colour green! Nor can I imagine him singling out the rose as a characteristically spring flower.

Hitherto, all the modern American poetry I have come across has been distinguished only by its un-American quality. Indeed, I had come to think there were only two schools of American poets, the Cosmic and the Cosmopolitan. The Cosmic poets, for the main part, still reside in America, where they fill the magazines with poems about "peaks whose floors are shod with rainbows laughing up to God"; while the Cosmopolitan poets live in London, or Paris, and write imitation-English, imitation-French, imitation-Latin, imitation-Greek, imitation-Chinese, imitation-Japanese, and imitation-anything, rather than genuine American poems; though there is hope that, having got as far as Japan, they may go on until they rediscover their native land! But, when they do, they will find that Mr. Frost has been there before them, making poetry out of the lives of his friends and neighbours in New England. Mr. Frost's poems are American, and they are his own. They are not written according to any arbitrary and exotic formula, though they are in the true tradition of English poetry, which is as much an American inheritance as it is ours. He is individual, without being eccentric. He has become so absorbed in the characters he delineates that he has neither time nor inclination to put on frills, or in any way attract attention to his own originality. The challenge of his work lies in its starkness, in its nakedness of all poetical fripperies. The blank verse in which the tales are written is entirely made up of ordinary speech-phrases, through the medium of which Mr. Frost manages to convey not only the sense of the speakers, but the very tone of their voices. While appreciating the careful and deliberate art which alone could produce this convincing effect of actuality, and all with such a quiet and almost casual air, I am inclined to wonder at times if, in his determination to avoid artifice, Mr. Frost has not discarded too much. There are legitimate excitements, as well as illegitimate, in the enjoyment of verse; and in reading some of these poems I have missed the exhilaration of an impelling and controlling rhythm. And yet there is not a poem in the book that I have not returned to over and over again! To me it seems that "Home Burial" and "The Fear" are the most absolute achievements in the book; but that may only be because they come nearest to the kind of thing I wish to see done in poetry; and the other pieces in the book all contain notable qualities, and qualities which have been too long absent from English verse. Mr. Frost has a keen, humorous sense of character. His characters always make the story, and not the story the characters. Tales that might be mere anecdotes in the hands of another poet take on a universal significance, because of their native veracity and truth to local character. Only by writing about the people he knows personally can a man tell us anything about ourselves or the other people he doesn't know personally.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

"THE QUICK AND THE DEAD."*

There is always a charm of uncertainty about a new book by Mr. Edwin Pugh. Many authors keep to a beaten track; they make a corner for themselves in certain types of character or a certain definite phase of life, and never come out of it—their readers would be disappointed if they did. But Mr. Pugh is not to be taken for granted in this fashion. He began by writing of London low-life; he has gone back again and again into that fascinating, endless way, and his best work is that in which he has depicted the seamy side of the great city; but in at least six of his

[1] "The Ulsterman: A Story of To-Day." By F. Frankfort Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
[2] "Lismoyle: An Irish Novel." By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
[3] "North of Boston." By Robert Frost. 3s. 6d. net. (Nutt.)
[4] "Will o' the Wisp and Wandering Voices." By Thomas Bouch. 3s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)
[5] "Vision." By W. H. Abbott. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)
[6] "The Horns of Taurus." By Griffith Fairfax. 3s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

* "The Quick and the Dead." By Edwin Pugh. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

books he has struck out successfully into other and widely different roads, and in the "Quick and the Dead" he again turns his back almost entirely upon London and the life and the class of people with which so much of his work has been associated. His picture here of Gallions, the little town on the south-east coast—of its fishermen, its tradesfolk, the general life of it—is as sharply etched and as true as anything he has ever done. And the story, a tragedy of temperaments, is an impressive and powerful study on larger lines and of deeper psychological significance perhaps than he has before attempted. To say nothing of the many vividly sketched minor characters, the baffling, changeable, neurotic Jenifer Pattenden; Theodore Taskover, the author of high but unrecognised genius, who seems commonplace enough, and provokes your dislike and distrust; and that sleek, soulless animal, the sensitively artistic, strangely repellent, as strangely attractive Signor Coseni, are realised and made vigorously alive with shrewd imaginative insight. Foil to these persons and throwing their abnormalities into vivid contrast, you have the hero of the story, the practical, unimaginative, conventional-minded young engineer, Roger Corrillian; and Jenifer's father, a placid, kindly old man, bent on carrying out the one dream of his life and giving Gallions a harbour; his wife; and Jenifer's faded, old-maidenly governess, Miss Egget.

The scheme for building the harbour brings Roger acquainted with Jenifer, and out of that acquaintance all the story grows. He loves her, and of that love comes happiness and torment to him and final misery. There are dark times when he is jealous, not without reason, of Coseni, and of Taskover. He quarrels with Taskover, one of his oldest friends, and in a passion of jealousy flings him to his death over the edge of a cliff. Little of remorse troubles him for this; he is rather relieved to feel that he has freed himself from any menace to his peace from that quarter; and the manner in which, after his death, Taskover avenges himself and brings discord, and estrangement, and ultimate ruin into Roger's married life, is well imagined and developed to its tragic ending with a cunning and sure ability. The story is a strong and an interesting one, and as interesting as the story itself are the men and women who shape it and the atmosphere and setting in which they play their parts.

C. W.

PLAY-CRAFT.

This batch of play-books might well serve as the text for a dissertation upon drama—in some examples its higher qualities are present—in others, they are notably absent. It is well to remind ourselves that the ultimate test of a drama lies in its acting qualities. At the risk of being tedious, it becomes necessary to repeat this dogma, lest the vicious doctrine take root that a story told in dialogue-form may be considered drama.

It is true that no rules exist for writing a play, but there do exist certain well-defined principles, which being well observed, will almost assuredly lead the playwright to success. Roughly, these may be summed up as a knowledge of theatrical conditions. By that I do not mean a hackneyed knowledge of such mechanical details as exits and entrances—but rather, a proper understanding of the principles which govern the art of telling a story to an audience, and sustaining and quickening their interest during the unfolding of a play. Given an original point of view, an individuality of method, the ability to observe and portray human character, and the gift of sustaining the interest to the close of the story—plus the dramatic instinct, the aspirant dramatist so equipped can regard his task as fairly straighforward. To that must be added the ability to select for portrayal such emotional qualities as are fairly obvious to an audience.

Now it is always heartening to welcome a play with ideas, and Mrs. Scott Maxwell's three-act play "The Flash Point,"[1] possesses that rare quality. Unfortunately the author does not seem to have fully grasped one convention of the theatre—the necessity for well-defined dialogue. There are certain thoughts valuable in the exposition of character, but which are too subtle to be conveyed across the footlights—certain intimacies of spirit and temperament which do not lend themselves to theatrical exploitation. Much of the dialogue in this play belongs to that class. The theme chosen by the author was one that was well worth while. The action is laid in a provincial town, and the story deals with the struggle of Jean Barker to assert her right to live out her own life, in contravention of the conventional future which circumstances, in the form of a mother, grandmother and aunt, have shaped for her. Jean attempts to hold a public meeting, unknown to her relatives, and as a result she gets accidentally locked up all night in the Hall with her fiancé—an occurrence which, as the sequel proves, compels a marriage at an earlier date than was anticipated. The spiritual context of the play provides an exposition of seldom-considered passions—in which the author shows originality of vision, insight and powers of observation that are backed up by a certain brilliancy of dialogue. But one despairs of the significance of some of the dialogue becoming evident to a theatre-audience. Here is an example:

"There are those women who fuss because they feel nervous at lacking opinions on changed circumstances, and they know that if they clamour, both opinions and decisions will be arranged for them."

The observation is acute, but it would require a pit of philosophers to grasp its meaning in the few seconds allowed for the delivery of the thought in the theatre. Of the interesting character of Mr. Collins, the missionary, one would like to learn more—at present it is a little too shadowy.

The other two volumes serve to indicate the growth of the short play-craft, now become a fashionable mode of theatrical experiment. Mr. John Palmer's "Over the Hills,"[2] is compact of charm and comedy, and a wholesome comment on the braggadocio and craze of the cult of "the open road." It has already stood the test of acting, and covered its author with honour. Miss Gertrude Robins, who incidentally is known to us as an actress of intellect, in "Loving As We Do,"[3] shows that she possesses a gift of natural dialogue and a born dramatic instinct, and that her theatrical experience has not nullified her ability to observe reality. In "The Return," a powerful little play, whose scene is laid in Galicia, the author gains her tragic end by an economy of means which shows considerable artistic restraint. "After The Case," a divorce-sequel tragedy, is well done, but it is rather too painful for presentation. As to "'Ilda's Honourable," comical enough in a machine-made way, yet I will do Miss Robins the justice to say it is hardly worthy of her undoubtedly brilliant gifts.

ROBB LAWSON.

[1] "The Flash Point." A Play in Three Acts. By Mrs. Scott Maxwell. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)
[2] "Over the Hills." A Comedy in One Act. By John Palmer 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)
[3] "Loving as We Do, and Other Short Plays." By Gertrude Robins. 2s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

VAGABOND'S WAY.*

We know that one of the pleasantest minor specialities of Miss Nancy Price (Mrs. Charles Maude) is the telling of good stories in dialect, but we had not realised before that she is equally accomplished as a writer of them. There is the coachman, for instance: "Simplicity and cheeriness seemed ever the rule of the road. Once he called to a man working in a field, pulling out his watch as he did so; the man nodded his head and laughed, and our worthy coachman fell into a paroxysm of mirth. 'Didst 'er see that, he said. 'Weel, twinty eears agone Ah 'ad that theear watch stole at Ambleside, walkin' wi' that theear man. Ah got it ba-ack, as tha sees, bit whinniver Ah sees 'im Ah pulls it oot, an' it minds us o' that theear day. Ma wu-urd,

* "Vagabond's Way." By Nancy Price. With 20 Illustrations by A. S. Hartrick, A.R.W.S., and a Map. 6s. net. (Murray.)

Ah were fa-air mad —fa-air mad Ah were.'" And on the very next page there is the maid who was asked where bandage and liniment for a sprained ankle could be bought: "'Lin'ment!' she said, in an awed voice not unmixed with reproach. 'That'll be chimist's wares! Aye—ye'll nivver be leukin' fur a chimist 'ere. Wey, Ambleside's t' nearest, an' tiresome it is, Ah tell 'ee, if a buddy feels queer like—onythin' ta continue, Ah mean. T' oanly thing 'ere is a bit o' a dokter.'" There is much entertainment for the reader in Miss Price's record of her wanderings among the Cumberland Fells.

AN OPIATE FOR FEAR.*

To a very large extent Mr. Benson's new book is one for parents and guardians. It has an intimate message for the parent in regard to the treatment of the child, for the master in regard to the treatment of the pupil. It is slightly autobiographical, and supplies interesting glimpses of the writer's father and of his two brothers. Four of the twenty chapters will appeal especially to the bookman—those setting out the spiritual experiences of Johnson, Tennyson, Ruskin, Carlyle, Charlotte Brontë, and John Sterling—but the work as a whole is a philosophy of life, a book of meditations to be taken up and pondered as one will take up and ponder the meditations of Marcus Aurelius. This philosophy of life embodies an analysis of fear, as fear affects all sorts and conditions of men, fear as it is experienced in childhood, in one's daily work, in one's family relations, in old age, as one contemplates sin, death, and judgment, in one's attitude to God and the life beyond the grave. There is a psychology of fear, and Mr. Benson attempts to define it. Much of it seems to have some sort of relation to heredity. Some of it has come down to us from the old fierce saints of Calvinism. Mr. Benson is rather hard on these men and women of the past. If we call them fierce and find it impossible to entertain their view of God as a God of Judgment, we must remember that they lived in a fierce time, that they had to meet force with force, if with force of a kind other than that meted out to them by their oppressors. "Hell," says Mr. Benson, "is a monstrous and insupportable fiction, and the idea of it is simply inconsistent with any belief in the goodness of God." "Hell," he writes in another place, "is rather what we start from, and out of which we have to find our way, than the waste-paper basket of life, the last receptacle for our shattered purposes." Again, "Revenge is born of terror, and to think of God as vindictive is to think of Him as subject to fear." He attributes the idea of God as a vindictive God to Milton. "Milton's idea of the Almighty was frankly that of a Power who had undertaken more than He could manage, and who had allowed things to go too far." But if we rid our minds of the belief that the Mind of God is set on punishment, we need not, we surely must not, confuse justice with vindictiveness. There must be justice somewhere for the sins of the world. It may not be Christian to do good deeds that we may attain future happiness; but it is surely Christian to believe that those who make their way in this world by crushing their fellows must come at last to a reckoning. It is here that Mr. Benson is not so satisfying, that his philosophy is not so satisfying, as it might be. But, after all, our question is answered sufficiently, perhaps in the admission that what we call death, come we to it voluntarily or by what are called the processes of nature, is not the end; and in the remark that "men and women do not make pilgrimages to the graves and houses of eminent jurists and bankers, political economists and statisticians: these have done their work, and have had their reward. Even the monuments of statesmen and conquerors have little power to touch the imagination, unless some love for humanity, some desire to uplift and benefit the race, have entered into their schemes and policies. No, it is rather the soil which covers the bones of dreamers and visionaries that is sacred yet, prophets and poets, artists and musicians, those who have seen through life to beauty, and have lived and suffered that they might inspire and tranquillize human hearts." Mr. Benson's philosophy bids us to take life adventurously, like Odysseus of old, to cultivate charity, to try and see that the greatest secret of all is—Love, love which suffereth long, and is kind, love which is in itself a premonition of all that we understand by God and Heaven and a Hereafter. In this connection it is curious to note that Mr. Benson is at variance with at least one considerable thinker in his reading of the spiritual message of Dante. To him Dante's theory of life is centred in the fear of Hell. Dr. Boyd Carpenter finds the message a message of Love. Incidentally Mr. Benson suggests than an age limit should be fixed to all positions. This is being done already in a rough-and-ready sort of way. But there are individual factors to be considered. Some men are only ripe (not too old) at forty. And if the old, before they are useless, must give way to the young, who shall take up the burdens of the dispossessed? Mr. Benson's philosophy contains maxims all of us may be the better for taking to heart. It is a fine opiate for all who, for example, are free of the financial canker. But modern life has complicated things tremendously for most of us, even for those whose tastes and wants individually are of the simplest kind. Even Mr. Benson admits that the will is finite in its power. Some maintain that exceptional courage may be due to physical rather than moral causes; and the shadows cast by fear around our lives may not all be amenable to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. Fear is not always selfish. Yet it would be churlish did we not frankly admit that we have read this book from beginning to end with a lively sense of its beauty and its truth. Mr. Benson's charm, at least, seems inexhaustible.

W. F. A.

* "Where No Fear Was. A Book About Fear." By Arthur Christopher Benson. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

THE HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS.*

Mr. Le Gallienne has had some heavy handling from the critics in the past, and is like to have more unless he, and they, have changed their essence. But no one has ever denied him the possession of fancy and a faculty of smooth and persuasive prose. We retain pleasant memories, like the recurrence of favourite strains in music, of his "Prose Fancies" and "Travels in England," and parts of "The Religion of a Literary Man." Here, in a book which makes something of a peace-offering on his return to England, he returns to the narrative form he employed in "The Quest of the Golden Girl," but makes it more of an impersonal allegory than an idyll, and more of a monodrama than either. He has written afresh the old fable of the Youth Adventurous, and endows him for the journey of life with four companions—Truth, Faith, Hope, and Virtue—though we should have thought the last superseded and included all the rest. Their meek and didactic company the youth resigns for the sake of a plunge into the grove of Pleasure and the court of Folly, with the usual results of disillusion, until he arrives at his journey's end with no companion but Hope the unforsakable. There is no creative novelty in the incident, merely intentness and glamour in the colouring, but this grows irresistible now and then as in the quiet climax:

> "Surely, was his thought, a great mystery and a great mercy are behind every footstep of the wayfarer in this world, and the name of the mystery and the mercy is Love—for he knew her to be Love,—this fair woman that held out her arms to him, and beside whose fairness the fairness of all other women he had known seemed but an unclean enchantment."

Archaisms and transpositions in the style of William Morris rather interfere with one's enjoyment, because they remind one of a strength which this story does not possess; but we recognise that the writer in this vein could hardly avoid locutions like these, and they do not impair our gratitude for a delicate and well-woven piece of fancy.

* "The Highway to Happiness." By Richard Le Gallienne. 6s. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

CANON MACCOLL.*

Malcolm MacColl, a young Highlander belonging to the Scotch Episcopal Church, was admitted to Glenalmond school as a student of divinity in 1854. He was then twenty-three. Six years later he had made the Church so hot for himself by quarrelling and controversy that he had to come South. His biographer remarks that he "seems to have been generally popular, in spite of some resemblance to Diotrephes in the matter of pre-eminence," but this popularity did not accompany him from school into the Church. It is not easy to see how it could. MacColl was hot-blooded and pugnacious. He had the quality which allies call vigour and other people term impudence. Bishops, after all, are human, and probably they do not care to suffer gratuitously at the hands of curates, or to be set right on questions of theology by a half-trained youth, who, on his own showing, had little sense of courtesy or tact in championing High Church views of the Sacraments. MacColl's career seemed broken at this point. He had no influence, no money, and no friends. But he had the audacity to write to Gladstone, as a persecuted victim of Low Church intrigues! This was a shrewd move. Gladstone was drawn. MacColl kept up the correspondence, wrote letters of advice to Gladstone, and eventually obtained a small living in London! Push, pluck and principle had saved the situation, especially push. But MacColl had his principles also, stamped Gladstonian. And in defence of them he commenced as pamphleteer, under the pseudonym of "Scrutator." His pamphlets have usually the best and the worst features of their class; they are telling pieces of special pleading, barbed with recriminations, and stripped of any sympathy with other people's point of view. Mr. Russell hints that he was not a success as a parish priest, any more than he was afterwards as a canon. He could not have succeeded in any religious work. Journalism and controversy were the absorbing interests of his life; they claimed his time, and he felt it more congenial to hit out at ecclesiastical opponents, over the corpse of the Athanasian Creed, than to shepherd living souls. His vehement attack on the Turks, in connection with the Bulgarian atrocities, is a more pleasant episode. In one sense it was not an episode, for this policy on the Eastern question commanded his enthusiasm to the end. He accompanied Liddon to Bulgaria, and it must be set down to his credit that the awakening of feeling on this subject was due in part to the energy with which he threw himself into the cause of the nationalities oppressed by Turkey. He was rewarded with a canonry at Ripon, which he found uncongenial. But there were always politicians to be scolded or kept right; there was London as a city of refuge and a place of clubs; and he continued to pull wires in his own way. The Armenian question brought his moral passion to the front, but it was one of the issues which damped his enthusiasm for the Liberal party. Even Lord Salisbury seemed white, beside Lord Rosebery, in this matter. On ritualistic questions he also fought hotly and not unsuccessfully. The least ephemeral of his works was a monograph on "The Reformation Settlement," drawn out in 1899 by the polemic of Sir William Harcourt.

The most pleasing and readable part of the memoir, however, is the account of MacColl's friends and correspondents in Society and politics. He was not so much the priest in politics as an English edition of the political *abbé*, or the confidential adviser of statesmen; it is odd to find how many of them accepted him at his own estimate, but the outcome is a mass of decidedly curious and intimate correspondence. He wrote to Gladstone in 1886, for example: "I am sorry the *Spectator* has gone so completely wrong in this matter. Hutton has got a twist on the question. He has some Irish blood in him, and there seems to be some malign influence in Irish Protestantism which blinds the eyes even of good men on Irish questions. There is a hateful caste-feeling, like that of the Moslem towards the Rayah." This is worth recalling nowadays. So is this, from a letter of Gladstone in 1896: "I think the twenty-two millions of Navy Estimates positively *shocking*; and would send the promoters of them to Bedlam." The correspondence with Newman yields little or nothing. The Döllinger letters are less ample, and they contain few permanent touches. It is interesting to find that Döllinger could not digest, as MacColl could, the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed; Kingsley wanted a slight modification, but he only agreed to it reluctantly "as a concession to the invincible ignorance of eschatology which fills the modern Puritanic and Lockite mind," his point, of course, being that the warning clauses referred to an intermediate state. Ecclesiastically, the correspondence is of minor interest. In one of Lord Salisbury's letters there is a caustic remark: "English politics keep hold of those who are in them, because the framework of modern life is so tight that men find it hard to change their pursuits. But to those who know English politics well, they are not attractive—their highest rewards confer no real power. The strongest men . . . have to carry out ideas that are not their own. And they fill up life with an incessant labour which to those who are not blessed with optimism leaves behind it the feeling of an almost unmingled waste of time." Canon MacColl was fortunately blessed with optimism. He kept it even in the ecclesiastical sphere.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.Litt.

* "Malcolm MacColl: Memories and Correspondence." Edited by the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell. With a Portrait. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Novel Notes.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. By Frederick Niven. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

This is the best piece of work that Mr. Niven has yet done; and though from his preface he seems to have taken too seriously the difficulties of writing his tale, he has made a striking, vivid thing out of it. He talks about it being a family history that would naturally run to the length of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall"; but in matter of fact it is a fairly concise study of a mother and son, with the father hovering on the outskirts of the drama as a perplexed and saddened spectator of the strange struggle between his wife and boy. In spite of the way he talks in his preface, Mr. Niven handles his story in a fine manner, making it practically a biography of the son, Martin Moir, and leaving almost to the last chapter the explanation of an early incident in the lives of the father and mother, which illumines the brilliant tragical tale. Seeing that it is the father who is "The Justice of the Peace," and that he plays only a part of secondary importance in the novel, the title of the work is somewhat misleading. For it is on the artistic career of the son, and on the strange, vehement and embittered opposition which the mother manifests at every point of his career, that the story turns. From the time when Martin Moir begins to draw as a child in Glasgow, to the time when he returns to his native city, an etcher of acclaimed genius, Mrs. Moir seeks to impede and denigrate his art. She begins by denying his genius, she goes on to defame his character, and as a member of some Purity League she practically charges him with being one of the men responsible for the degradation of models who sit for what Trilby used to call the "altogether." Moir himself is a fine, honest, capable young fellow of sensitive temperament, who loves his mother with a deep passion; and his struggle between his inclination to art and his love for his mother is depicted in a very moving and intimate way. The novel is, indeed, the best study we have read of the war that occurs in many Philistine families when one of the children shows a strong bent to art. The characters of the mother, son and father are not merely well drawn: they have the breath of life in them; and the sketches of the manufacturing and artistic sides of Glasgow life are fresh and memorable.

THE ESCAPE OF MR. TRIMM. By Irvin S. Cobb. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In the nine stories contained in this volume Mr. Cobb shows himself proficient in handling both humour and tragedy. The best of the humorous stories have one central character, Major Putnam Stone, the gallant soldier who, in the decline of his fortune, found himself installed in a newspaper office, of all places in the world. The situation is obviously full of comic possibilities, and they have not eluded Mr. Cobb. The Major took no interest in politics after the date of the Civil War of 1865, so it is hardly to be wondered at if in the capacity of reporter he brought little grist to the *Evening Press*. When a political secret did chance to come his way it was only by accident that his colleagues extorted it from him. "It was a foot-race back to the office, and Devore, who had the start, won by a short length . . . Working like the crew of a sinking ship, we snatched the first page back from off the steam table and prized it open and gouged a double handful of hot slugs out of the last column—Devore blistered his fingers doing it . . . so we missed only one mail." Commissioned to report a marriage, the major started by quoting eight lines from "The Lady of the Lake," followed this by an essay on the antiquity of matrimony, omitted the minister's name, and gave the bridegroom's middle initial wrong. The story that gives its name to the book is haunting in its grimness. The idea is a striking one, and not to be called far-fetched. Trimm, the condemned financier, escapes on his way to prison, owing to a railway smash, and the story describes with wonderful imagination his desperate and unavailing efforts to free himself from his handcuffs. It is in one of the shortest stories in the volume that Mr. Cobb is seen to most advantage, and where also we may most easily detect his literary forebears; for in an "Occurrence up a Side Street" it is not too much to say that the grimness is worthy of Poe, while the art is suggestive of Maupassant.

QUELLA. By Geoffrey Norton Farmer. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

When Professor Maxberg invented his poison, apparently, he didn't know what to do with it. However, his villainous assistant, Quella, realised its possibilities to the full. So he stole the recipe and absconded. The poison was in the form of a drug which undermined its victims' moral sense to such an extent that they would do anything to prolong their lives—and caused their deaths if it was denied them. As it appears to have been tasteless, and Quella seems to have been hand-in-glove with all the smart restaurant-keepers, it was not long before practically all the distinguished men in the world were under his influence. Professor Hartmann foresaw the results of Quella's machinations some time before they came about; so he bundled off the hero of this novel—a prodigiously fine but almost oppressively modest gentleman—to South America in search of the only man who knew the antidote. On his return the hero falls into the hands of Quella, and it was only the sheerest luck that enabled him to defeat the schemes of the other. And, in spite of his punishment, it is possible that Quella may be alive even now. This makes rather a disturbing ending to Mr. Farmer's story, which is not otherwise remarkable for originality. However, it is well told, and has several moments which are sufficiently thrilling, and it serves to wile away an idle hour or so quite pleasantly.

UNA AND THE LIONS. By Constance Smedley. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

This is the story of a girl who is full of dreams and romance, and a longing for travel, but who is doomed to spend her days teaching in a girl's school at Clapham—at least, so she fears. But fate decrees that she shall win a prize in a limerick competition, and the prize takes the shape of "a month's tourist ticket for Northern Italy." Una is in her seventh heaven of delight. "Oh, I hope things will happen to me in Italy," she writes; ". . . for I shall never get the chance to go abroad again, and I'll make the most of every minute, and live, live, live!" In a spirit of adventure she sets out, and all the things she sees, and does and the people she meets are recorded by her in an easy, gay, entertaining style. She is nearly plunged into what would have been a disastrous adventure by a thoughtless bookworm of an uncle, who sends a letter of introduction out to a certain Lord Yole in Florence, knowing nothing of Lord Yole's character; but, fortunately, Una escapes this adventure through the intervention of some friends she makes in Florence. It is an interesting story, full of the joy of life, and innocence, and youth.

MEGAN OF THE DARK ISLE. By Mrs. T. O. Arnold. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

This is an excellent story pitched in mid-Victorian times, and with a pleasant mid-Victorian atmosphere. For there are many novel-readers glad and willing to exchange tedious dissertations on sex problems for a good, old-fashioned novel made up of love-interest and plot-excitement and mystery. All these are assuredly to be found in this story of Anglesey. David Thelwall, student and writer, refuses to live at the house bequeathed him by his godfather, because the bequest was accompanied by a declaration that a claimant might appear on the scene. To David in his blindness came Megan as secretary; she, by this time, being the ill-used wife of a disreputable poacher. The story is drawn on large lines; and the plot is of a complexity not to be summarised here. The sinister influence in the story is supplied by Mother Glynn, a reputed witch, and her evil daughter Sionel, who urges the quiet life of the place on to tragedy. The secret of the mysterious claimant is well-guarded, and a story of powerful and varied emotion is conducted skilfully and plausibly to sunshine after storm. The book is well written, despite some strange lapses into tinsel ornamentation, like the terrible opening one, which likens David tidying his study to "a literary Hercules cleansing metaphoric stables!"

THE MARRIAGE TIE. By Wilkinson Sherren. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

This is a novel of ideas. Fifty years ago it would have been put forward in a pamphlet; but nowadays the novel, by reason, perhaps, of its popularity, has become as much the property of the pamphleteer as of the novelist. Not

Mr. Wilkinson Sherren.

only does it enable a propagandist to place his doctrine before a large general public; but, if he has any turn for characterisation and narrative, it enables him to see his own idea worked out to some extent in terms of human life. Mr. Wilkinson Sherren's story is so weighted with the idea he wished to publish that he is sometimes in danger of overlooking the living qualities of his art; the brilliant pamphleteer in him almost triumphs over the novelist. Some of the secondary characters in his tale are drawn in such a fresh and lifelike manner, that we are inclined to think that so far from being, as Sydney Smith said of someone, a little man who gets astride of big ideas to make himself look taller, he is a novelist of real power who, like the young politician in his tale, is so overmastered by one idea that he cannot do justice to his native powers. Mr. Sherren feels it is exceedingly unjust that children born out of marriage should suffer for the weaknesses of their mothers and the passions of their fathers. He proposes that they should have all the benefits of legitimacy of birth, and in particular that their begetter should be fully charged with the cost of their maintenance and education up to the age when they are able to work for their own living. In itself the idea is interesting, and admits of debate along several lines of argument. But in trying to express it in terms of actual life, the author does not make out a very good case. The attitude of his heroine is not depicted in a convincing manner. She is a marionette rather than a living girl, and this, perhaps, is due to the fact that we do not see deep enough into the working of her heart and mind to understand her thoroughly. The story, we think, would have been much stronger and far more intimate in its appeal, had it been written in the form of a biography of the girl as she first knew herself; then, when the reader was acquainted with the structure of her character, the effects of the blow that fell upon her, at the happiest moment of her life, would have made a finely dramatic study. But though Mr. Sherren has rather sacrificed the art of his story to its teaching, he writes with so much ability and sincerity that one cannot read his book without being interested in his problem and stimulated by his handling of it.

CUDDY YARBOROUGH'S DAUGHTER. By Una L. Silberrad. 6s. (Constable.)

If you are looking for a book that is something out of the ordinary run of novels, you cannot do better than get a copy of Miss Una L. Silberrad's new book, "Cuddy Yarborough's Daughter." Here we have something that is quite exceptional. We are introduced to a little group of people who are portrayed with consummate skill and sympathy; the book is full of intimate, human, deft little touches, that reveal the master-hand. One grows to love Countershall—the home of the Yarborough's—almost as much as Cuddy, and Violet Jane, and Sam Bailey must have done. Cuddy is a most loveable character—Cuddy, with the "big loose figure . . . good-tempered, muffin-like face, round, rather prominent eyes, and weak mouth." But, as the title of the book suggests, it is Cuddy's motherless daughter, Violet Jane, that the story is more concerned about; she is a grave little body, ten years old when the story opens, and looks after her father like a thoughtful mother. This is how Sam Bailey finds her on his return to England from Central Africa, when he goes down to Countershall to stay with his old friend Cuddy. Countershell is full of memories for Sam, who has been in love with Violet's Aunt Maud. Maud is now married and away; she is a dazzling, unaffected, thoughtless creature, who has numerous men friends—for they are all attracted by her. Violet does not quite approve of her Aunt Maud, and mentions the fact to Sam in her quaint, prim little way. "Aunt Maud . . . is the beautifullest person I've seen," she says; "and she feels nice, nice and soft and warm; and she laughs, and everyone's glad when she's there; but"—she paused doubtfully—"she forgets, and she makes other people forget." That is Maud—warmth and joy and laughter and forgetting; she flits in and out of the lives of Violet and Cuddy and Sam. Sam is a fine character, and he and Cuddy and Violet are the most delightful trio we have met for many a long day.

JAMES WHITAKER'S DUKEDOM. By Edgar Jepson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The curtain rises on James Whitaker, dejected and dusty, tramping along a country road, on his way to the railway station, after an unsuccessful visit to an uncle from whom he has tried to borrow a hundred pounds to save his failing business. As Whitaker trudges along a storm comes on, and he shelters inside a wood. He hears shouts and sees a man coming towards him; fear of being caught trespassing induces Whitaker to take to his heels; the man chases him through the wood and finally overtakes him. "They stood facing one another, wide-eyed, open-mouthed in glaring astonishment, their arms fallen to their sides, their heads jutted forward, overwhelmed in wonder at their amazing resemblance. Then the pursuer gasped: 'Doubles! Well I'm. . . . What? Who? . . . What the devil?' Then there was nothing—nothing for either of them: no turf, no wood, no earth, no sky. They did not hear the sharp, rattling crash of thunder above their heads; they did not even see the flash which struck them." Whitaker recovers his senses after a while and finds that the lightning has killed the other man. On examining papers in the man's pockets Whitaker discovers that his double was the Duke of Lanchester, whose country seat is close by. He determines to step into the dead man's shoes, and does so. His subsequent career is told by Mr. Jepson in an ingenious and thoroughly entertaining manner.

CHIGNETT STREET: A PROVIDED SCHOOL. By Paul Neuman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Of the twenty-four stories and sketches in this book, thirteen have already appeared in various magazines and papers. Mr. Neuman has been well advised in republishing them. The best of his stories are a good best, and if it has not been always possible to maintain his own highest standard, few of his stories will fail to disperse some of that "sheer ignorance" which Mr. Neuman finds widespread on the subject of Board and Council School life and education. There is pathos in a few, tenderness in most, and humour in all. The short character-studies at the beginning of the book are admirable—definitely less sterotyped than the stories of the latter half, which tend to be sentimental and at times obvious. Mr. Neuman knows and loves his subject—the provided school, the Lisson Grove background; the stubborn, untrusting, sphinx-like boys; the weary, sorely-tried masters. There is a constant freshness and infinite variety in his models: the unambitious boy, the bully who is not a coward, the temperamental liar, the despair and terror of his class who spends a holiday laying violets on his sister's grave. "Thank Heaven I am not a schoolmaster!" is your first feeling. But the life must have its fascination; and if you never know where to have a schoolboy, there is consolation in knowing that he may always be had somewhere. There is always a chord of interest or sympathy, if you know how to touch it; always a soul in the making. "The Elementary School . . . is still waiting for its *Tom Brown*, its *Hill*, or its *Godfrey Marten*." Mr. Neuman is the man to repair that omission. Until he does so, may we point out how little Chignett Street differs in essentials from the classic schools he has in mind? Granted that there is no tradition of centuries, that some of the scholars are underfed and clothed in rags, that veracity and sportsmanship are at a low ebb, are not these the main differences? At heart the schoolboy is the same all the world over—independently of dialect, clothing, means or upbringing. Therein lies the interest of Mr. Neuman's book.

HEROINES AND OTHERS. By St. John Lucas. 6s. (Blackwood.)

"Heroines and Others" is a collection of seven stories of different veins, yet all informed with the insight and sympathy which make for the reader's conviction. Those

women of Mr. St. John Lucas' imagination are real people, one feels, and their stories fully merit the attention that one should give—and so often does not—to more ambitious attempts at the portrayal of the soul of woman. There is "Maria," for instance, the heroine of the longest and best of the stories, who cuts all her acquaintances in order that she may shield a supremely unlovable sister—and then, when her charm has left her, falls in love with a scheming musician, who exploits her and uses her money to impose himself upon an unsuspecting society. He never intended to marry Maria, and, in spite of her infatuation, she knew it. Yet she was willing to steal for him, although she knew that thereby she was making his way clear to the winning of another woman—whom, naturally enough, she could not bear. Maria's courage is more obvious, perhaps, than that of Miss Amelia, who cherished the memory of a scapegrace nephew to the very moment of her death. But Miss Amelia is a character hardly less appealing, as also is Maria Assunta, who, with the miraculous aid of San Cristoforo, defeated the wiles of a malicious picture dealer and a brutal and venial uncle and aunt. There are other types. There are Miss Jemima, the consciously virtuous, who "clad merely in blamelessness and a long nightgown," was taken up to heaven by mistake and returned to earth; and Edith, whose phantom appeared three times to her future husband and made him conscious of his love for her. All these and more are treated by Mr. Lucas with a skill and assurance that cannot fail to charm the reader, who will be very well advised not to pass this book by because he "dosen't like short stories."

TWO WOMEN. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Pemberton is certainly one of the most versatile of men. After attracting a large public as a writer of rattling, ingenious tales of wild adventure, he has turned to the latest form of stage entertainment and suddenly become the most popular confectioner of "revues" in London. And now, reverting to the art of the novel, he has produced a different kind of story from that with which his name is associated. In some ways, it is perhaps rather a pity that so dashing a writer for the young of all ages should have tired of the world of exciting adventures, for when Mr. Pemberton was at his best in his old manner there were few living writers of the same school who could equal him. But he will no doubt gather a new audience interested in the study of errant types of the feminine sex. The adventuress in "Two Women" is a fresh and curious sketch from the life—the bachelor girl of means, who starts out for an innocent fling, and ends in an entanglement that brings out capabilities of character which surprise the man who thought to take an advantage of her. The ticklish part of the story is told with tact and restraint, and though the author hardly makes the most of the dramatic situations, he retains his gift for easy and interesting narration.

The Bookman's Table.

AT THE WORLD'S HEART. By Cale Young Rice. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This new book of Mr. Cale Young Rice's is a pilgrim scrip for the world-wanderer. His songs have come to him in all parts of the earth, each steeped in the light and air of the place that gave it to him. Thus, "Sea Rhapsody," came to him "out of Hongkong"; and "The Monsoon Breaks," in India; "The Thrall of the Dead," in China; "The Peasant of Irimachi," in Japan; "Beauty and Stillness," in Sicily; "The Contessa and her Judges," at Palermo; others are reminiscent of the South Seas, the Indian Ocean, and all of them enshrine some mood, fancy, story, that the traveller drew from the scene he was passing through. These things are touched with the passion and emotion of which poetry is made; they have charm and tenderness, and sing themselves in the true lyrical fashion; but most readers, when they have been with the poet on all his journeyings, will think that, after all, the happiest, most charming of his songs are those for which he found inspiration at home by his own hearth. The "Songs to A. H. R." have an unstudied simplicity of thought and utterance that is exquisitely suited to their theme. Either they were so perfectly spontaneous that art has had no share in them, or their art is subtle and fine enough to make them seem wholly spontaneous. The best is perhaps the second song of this series, and as this is too long to quote, we will not choose, but content ourselves by giving the first of them, which is called "Minglings":

"It is the old, old vision,
The moonlit sea and you.
I cannot make disseverance
Between the two.
For all the world's wide beauty
To me you seem,
All that I love in shadow
Or glow, or gleam.

It is the old, old murmur,
The sea's sound and your voice,
God in His bliss between them
Could make no choice.
For all the world's deep music
In you I hear:
Nor shall I ask death, ever,
For aught more dear."

LETTERS FROM GREECE. By John Mavrogordato. With Illustrations. 2s. net. (Martin Secker.)

The sub-title of this little book, "Concerning the War of the Balkan Allies, 1912–1913," gives the measure of its scope. It makes its appearance rather late in the day, but then it is by no means the ordinary war-correspondent's shallow diary. It deals with delicate matters in an intimate and careful manner. Moreover, it is written with a certain distinction and repays perusal by reason of its "air." Mr. Mavrogordato has an eye for effect. Just look at this description of Athens:

"Meanwhile the winter has begun. The café-stratagists and the sitters-at-little-tables have gone in out of the rain to continue their discussion in the smoky mist of the inner rooms. A bitter wind sweeps round the deserted square, and the reservists who are leaving to-night to join the colours know that they will find snow in the mountains of Epirus or Macedon. And yet the storm-clouds that are towering up from the south-west beyond the Acropolis only make the Parthenon at this time of the morning gleam more brightly. So brightly shine the buildings of Pericles against the dark sky that one might think the golden image of Athene Promachos was set up there again over Athens."

That is literature, not journalism. It is natural that Mr. Mavrogordato should understand his own countrymen. A little book like this, therefore, gives a satisfying glimpse into the curious web of affairs underlying the Balkan Diplomacy. There is no doubt that hatred of Bulgarians is at least as strong in Greece as hatred of Turks. The present writer has found that out for himself in Athens. Allies who detest one another, generally "fall out" in the long run.

CORNWALL'S WONDERLAND. By Mabel Quiller-Couch. 3s. 6d. net; (Dent.)

Here is a book to delight the heart of every child, young or old, who loves tales and legends of the Little People, of pixies and gnomes and dwarfs, and of witches and giants that once, in the long ago, inhabited the county of Cornwall. And who could retell them better or more charmingly than Miss Mabel Quiller-Couch (herself a daughter of Cornwall)? "The stories here related were told to the author as a child," we learn, "by one who reverenced the legends and antiquities of his county too deeply to alter or exaggerate anything, and she passes them on in the hope that they may take root in the heart of many another child." With just the right touch—a blending of sympathy, fantasy, sincerity, humour—Miss

Quiller-Couch tells these fascinating old legends; and such a grip do they get on one's imagination that one longs to go down to Cornwall and see the places connected with the stories; St. Michael's Mount, of Giant Cormoran fame; The three rivers Tamar, Tavy and Taw—about which there is a beautiful little story; the Lady Downs, where at the four cross-roads Cherry Honey met one of the Little People; "The Gump," a small hill near St. Just, a famous place for fairy revels; "Madge Figgy's chair" at Land's End; and many another enchanted spot. To pick out the best of these stories is an impossible task, for they are all so good. If there is any boy or girl who can be persuaded to lay down the book before reaching the very last page, we shall be much surprised; certainly any child who does so does not deserve to have a copy of the book at all. But such a child is most improbable. Miss Quiller-Couch has made the stories too real and fascinating for that.

WIND ON THE WOLD. By Alexander G. Steven. 2s. 6d. net. (Max Goschen.)

The author of "Wind on the Wold" hails from Australia's nest of singing-birds; but many of his songs might have unfurled their wings as appropriately on an English heath. There is little "local colour" here; the gleams of the Southern Cross shine fitfully, if at all, through the wind-blown lights which any northern river would reflect as clearly. But there are authentic gleams of poetry, though here and there, it must be confessed, Mr. Steven's inspiration flags unaccountably. The sonnet on Wordsworth's beginning, "The world is too much with us," for example, is unfortunate in challenging comparison with its great original. But when the singer is content to be himself he can sing both truly and sweetly, as in the dainty freshness of "Elfin Music" and the more sober grace of "The Dreamer," "The Secret Key," and "The Perfect Song"—each excellent of its kind. We quote two fine stanzas from "The Exile," one of Mr. Steven's distinctively good things:

> "Sunsets and dawns she shares, each wandering breeze:
> No more the city's pitiless paths she trod;
> She passed to where the mountains and the seas
> Breathe forth eternally the peace of God.
>
> Her spirit knows the splendid joy of space,
> Freed like a pining bird from prisoning bars;
> Hers is all woodland beauty, and the grace
> And everlasting solace of the stars."

SHAKESPEARE TO SHAW. By C. F. Armstrong. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Mr. Armstrong made an excellent choice when he selected Congreve, Sheridan, T. W. Robertson and Pinero as the four dramatists to fill in the period which has elapsed between Shakespeare and G. B. S. The selection, Mr. Armstrong is careful to explain, does not commit him to the view that they were the greatest names, or even great names, but he holds—and, as we think, holds rightly—that these writers stand out as landmarks, as men who either crowned or inaugurated an epoch. But, though his material is excellent, his treatment of his subject is frankly disappointing. His accounts are apt to resolve themselves into very little beyond a few biographical facts, combined with a list of each author's plays and summaries of the plots. Of real, carefully-thought-out criticism there is hardly any trace, and such criticism as is made is frequently marred by a would-be humorous style of composition which never quite succeeds, and is correspondingly irritating. All this is the more unsatisfactory because one feels that Mr. Armstrong in reality knows his subject so well that a little more thought on his part, and a freer use of the pruning-knife—or even of the axe—would have sufficed to have enabled him to produce a book of some importance.

POT POURRI MIXED BY TWO. By Mrs. C. W. Earle and Miss Ethel Case. With Two Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Once again Mrs. Earle has successfully braved the dangers proverbially attending sequels, and has written a book that will trouble the unconscientious reviewer; for though it is an easy work to sample, it is distinctly a difficult one to lay down. Gardening gossip naturally occupies the chief place in this agreeable mixture made by two (we wish to emphasise the fact that Mrs. Earle has been singularly fortunate in her coadjutor), but as readers of the former books will expect, there is also much desultory reflection, and not a few valuable suggestions and recipes for the betterment of the vegetarian dinner-table. Consequently we are never in fear of having too much of a good thing. At one place we receive instruction on the cultivation of the shady corner, at another we are given a simple and delectable formula for Chutney. Dipping at random into the "pot-pourri" we find, for example, the following assortment: "The Daffodil for Wales—Books on Napoleon—Slug Traps—A Poem on a Child—Militancy and Reform—Alstroemerias—Life of G. F. Watts—The House-Fly—The Manure-Heap—God's Garden—Perennials from Seed—Borders in Colours." If any reader be dissatisfied after this we can only say, in the words of Mr. Dobson:

> "And if when you read, it should fail to restore ye,
> Farewell, and godspeed, the world is before ye."

The amateur gardener, it is proper to add, will find matter of the greatest interest in Miss Case's chronicle of her year's work in the laying out of a new garden—a garden of which Mrs. Earle "can honestly testify that my pupil's garden is, for its size and style, quite the most interesting and varied that I know."

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. B. T. BATSFORD.

The six newest volumes of Messrs. Batsford's charming **Fellowship Books** (2s. net each) are in every way a welcome addition to a deservedly successful series. Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch in the volume on "Poetry" essays to give a clear notion of what Poetry is, and of what, by nature, it aims to do, and, avoiding mere technicalities and academic definitions, has written a very incisive and stimulating study of a great subject. Mr. William H. Davies's "Nature," as one would have expected, is the freshest and most delightfully unconventional book imaginable on a theme it had seemed difficult to treat newly or to say anything new about. He fascinates you with his stark simplicity, his quaintnesses of style; he has none of the tricks and mannerisms of the professional Nature student; he writes only of what he knows intimately and loves in the life of the fields and country places, and the result is a curiously suggestive and original book. Mr. Gilbert Cannan writes fancifully, imaginatively, and withal truthfully above "Love"; and Mr. W. L. Courtney discusses thoughtfully and with high seriousness "The Meaning of Life." The other two volumes, "Flowers," by J. Foord, and "Trees," by Eleanor Farjeon, are entirely pleasant and attractive reading, and as unlike the usual text-books on such matters as they well could be. Any reader looking for enjoyment and for fresh glimpses into the spiritual beauty of life and nature will find what he is seeking in these "Fellowship Books."

MR. WERNER LAURIE.

Mrs. Ambrose Harding has a delightful, well-finished style which makes **A Daughter of Debate** (6s.), with its interesting theme, an altogether enjoyable book. Vividly she conjures up before our eyes the scenery in the island of Dominica, in the West Indies, where the action of the story takes place; skilfully, with deft little touches, she portrays the various characters that play their parts in "A Daughter of Debate." The plot mainly centres round the colour problem in the West Indies—a problem which greatly interests Alice Ashton, niece of the Governor of the island. She is of a democratic turn of mind, and waxes indignant at the way the negroes are treated by the white people, and protests that both her uncle and cousin George treat them as if they were of no account. "I am surprised at the overbearing, insolent behaviour of white people towards the poor creatures," she says. To which her cousin replies: "Well, if you had been out here as long as we have, Alice, you would change your opinion. They are, with but few exceptions, lazy, irresponsible, child-like beings, creatures of impulse and passion, and utterly untrustworthy." "I don't think you can blame them," she returns; "you have not tried to improve them. I am sure there is excellent material in them if you care to work upon it." We discover, as the story proceeds, whether Alice's trust in the blacks is well placed, and we learn of the strange part played in her life by one Dr. Hampton, a well-educated and highly ambitious coloured man. There are many striking and dramatic situations, and a strong love interest.